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No. 777.

AUGUST 20, 1920.

7 Cents

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

TOO LUCKY TO LOSE:
OR A BOY WITH A WINNING STREAK
(A STORY OF WALL STREET)

By A SELF MADE MAN

AND
OTHER
STORIES



"Half of my money is gone!" cried Farmer Wheat, in consternation "What!" exclaimed Bob
"Maybe your nephew can account for it?" "Don't you dare insinuate that I took
any of my uncle's money!" shouted Phil, shaking his fist at Bob

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Harold G. Lóráng
Darien Center, N. Y.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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TOO LUCKY TO LOSE

Or, A BOY WITH A WINNING STREAK

BY A SELF-MADE MAN **Harold G. Lórang**

N. Y.

CHAPTER I.—Bob Sterett and Phil Sketchley.

"So, you're going back to the city in the morning?" said Phil Sketchley, pausing in his work of hoeing the potato patch and looking enviously at Bob Sterett, a well-dressed, athletic-looking fellow, who had been spending his two weeks' vacation at the farm of Phil's uncle, Amos Wheat, up in Sullivan County, New York State.

"Yes, I've got to begin the old grind again," replied Bob regretfully.

"Why do you call it the old grind, as if you didn't like it?" said Phil.

"Well, I don't like it. I'm tired of running around Wall Street carrying messages to brokers, and doing all sorts of errands."

"I wish I had your job. I'm dead sick of farming. There's nothing in it," said Phil, in a discontented tone.

"Your uncle has been a farmer all his life and he seems to have made money," said Bob. "At any rate, he owns this fine farm, and another he has rented out, and he's got money in the village bank, and a bunch of Government bonds. As you're his only relative, I understand, it will probably all come your way some day. I don't see that you have any cause to kick."

"Both farms were left to him by his father, and I'll bet he got some of his money that way, too. He worked like a nigger when he was young and the farms didn't more than pay him for what he did. He wanted to cut his stick, just like me, but his old man wouldn't let him. Then he got married, and the farms came to him, and that settled his city notions. He's stuck to his farm ever since. I wasn't brought up in the country. I was born in Syracuse, which is something of a town. My mother was Amos Wheat's sister. She had a half interest in the rented farm, but had to sell out because she and dad needed the money."

"Mr. Wheat bought out her interest, of course?"

"Yes, and my father always thought she sold it too cheap. I often heard him kick about it."

"Mr. Wheat strikes me as being a square man. I guess he didn't cheat your mother."

"I don't say that he did, though I thought he did the way my old man talked; but since I came here to earn my living I've concluded that my mother got all her half of the rented farm was worth."

"Your mother and father are both dead, I believe?"

"My mother is, but the old man is in Auburn."

"How came you to leave him if you don't like country life?"

Darien Center,

"Because I was thrown out on my uppers, and if Uncle Amos hadn't sent for me, I suppose I'd have been a kind of tramp."

"How so?" asked Bob, in surprise. "Why did your father shake you?"

"Because he couldn't help it."

"Why couldn't he?"

"I'll tell you if you promise not to say anything about it."

"Of course, I won't say anything about it."

"Well, my old man is in the State prison."

"He is?" ejaculated Bob, rather staggered by the news, and somewhat surprised by the cool and indifferent way in which Phil Sketchley imparted it.

"Yes, he is."

"What crime was he guilty of?"

"He was cashier for a furniture house in Syracuse, and he always thought the firm gave him a shabby salary, and as my mother was sick for a long time, and it cost more than he could afford for doctor's bills and other expenses, he got into the habit of pinching a few dollars out of the till now and then. When my mother died he pinched more to pay the undertaker, and the habit being on him, he continued to pinch, for some day he intended to skip out to Chicago and start in business for himself. He got sick, however, was away a week, and during that time the firm discovered that he had been soaking them right along for a year or two. Then they had him arrested and sent him up, and there he is, and he's likely to stay there for a while yet," said Phil, without showing any great regret at his father's unfortunate position.

Bob had not been particularly attracted to Phil Sketchley at any time during their short acquaintance, but he thought a whole lot less of him from the indifferent way in which he spoke about his father. Sketchley Senior had gone wrong, but that was no reason why his own son should not sympathize with him.

"When your father was sent to prison, leaving you alone, your Uncle Amos took you here to work on the farm?"

"That's the identical ticket," said Phil.

"How long have you been here?"

"Six years."

"This was your first experience on a farm?"

"Yes, and will be my last. I don't intend to stay here long."

"If I were you, I wouldn't offend your uncle by running away. He's well off, and it's to your interest to stand in with him."

"Maybe it is, but I ain't his only relative."

"No? I thought from the way I've heard him allude to you that you were."

"He's got another sister who ran off with an artist that boarded here about eighteen years ago. I guess he ain't forgiven her for doing it, for he never speaks about her. She's got a third interest in the rented farm yet, for she never sold out. I know that if I don't know much else about his business. I'll tell you how I know it. I've seen his books where he's kept a regular account with her. There's quite a bunch of money coming to her."

"Which he hasn't sent to her, eh?"

"He'd like to, I guess, for he's particular in squaring up what he owes every year, but he doesn't know where she's living. Hasn't seen or heard from her that I know of since she skipped out."

"Eighteen years ago?"

"About that. I guess she must be well fixed and doesn't want it."

"Most people like to get all that's coming to them, no matter how well fixed they are."

"Bet your boots they do! I wouldn't let anything get away from me if I could help it."

"So your aunt married an artist?"

"Yes. He used to paint pictures of the country, and I suppose that's what got her stuck on him. She thought he was something better than a farmer. I don't blame her. She might be living on Fifth Avenue, New York, with a lot of servants to wait on her and her kids for all my uncle knows. If I was him I'd look her up."

"Do you know the name of the man she married?"

"His name was Dale. I don't know his first name. Might have been Henry, or Clarence, or some high-falutin handle such as artists have once in a while because they think themselves better than the rest of the crowd."

"I'll look up the name in the city directory when I get back to the city, and if I find there's an artist by that name in New York, I'll send you his address and you can give it to your uncle to use if he feels like it."

"All right. Say, if I come to the city you can get me a job in a broker's office?"

"I hardly think I could," replied Bob, who didn't care to stand sponsor for Sketchley. "You're rather old to begin as a messenger, and you couldn't very well get a clerkship without learning the rudiments first. I've been a messenger for three years, and acted a while as margin clerk in the office while the regular clerk was home sick, but I haven't got to be a steady clerk yet, though I know a lot more about the business than many clerks. You see, I've watched how business is conducted in Wall Street, studied the financial papers, and paid attention to everything that came my way. I intend to be a broker some day, and I mean to be a good one when I start out."

"Do you know how to buy and sell stocks yet?"

"Oh, yes. I've got that part down fine. I've made nearly \$1,000 by speculating on the outside."

"Is that so? There's a lot of money in it, isn't there?"

"Yes, if you're lucky and know the ropes well."

"Tell me how it's done."

Bob explained the *modus operandi* that he

followed himself, and Sketchley declared that it was so easy he could do it himself.

"Yes, it's easy enough to buy a stock, but the thing is to know whether the stock is worth buying. The only stocks there is money in for speculation are the active ones. Unless you keep well informed about them, and in touch with the tone of the market, and abreast of a lot of other information that's going on all the time, you are liable to buy a stock at the wrong time. If the price goes down when it's on your hands, you are very likely to lose money by the speculation."

"I suppose," admitted Phil. "I guess a fellow can learn the ropes by mixing in with other speculators, and watching what they do."

"You might learn some of the ropes that way, but you'd find the experience rather costly."

"Couldn't I learn something about the market by reading the Wall Street papers?"

"Yes, if you understood the meaning of what you read."

"What's to prevent me from understanding it? I've been through the public school. I guess I can understand what I see in the papers."

"Well, a fellow ought to grow up in Wall Street to understand the news of the Street intelligently."

"What do you mean by growing up in Wall Street?"

"Why, hold a job with some broker for several years, and keep his eyes wide open and his brain on the alert. Then he's bound to get familiar with the way business is conducted. You can't know too much in any line of trade or profession if you hope to make a success at it. I guess I'll go over to the house. You'll never get your work done if I stand here and talk to you."

"Oh, shoot the work. I don't care if I never get it done. I'm going to the city just as soon as I can get away. Don't be surprised if you see me down there before long," said Phil, nodding his head in a confident way.

"I think you'd better stay where you are. There's more in it for you, in my opinion. It isn't every fellow has the chance you have of coming into a fine farm, as well as an interest in another, and probably a snug sum of money besides. The \$1,000 I have would look like thirty cents beside it."

Thus speaking, Bob nodded and walked off toward the house, hoping sincerely that he'd never be called on to welcome Phil Sketchley to New York.

CHAPTER II.—A Thief in the Night.

Bob found an old maid school teacher from New York on the porch reading a novel she had brought with her from one of the public libraries. She was the only other boarder at Farmer Wheat's. She had been there a month, and expected to stay two weeks more. She had taken quite a shine to Bob, and liked to talk with him. She was sorry he was going away in the morning, and told him so. Bob took a chair and talked with her till tea time. After that meal Bob went out in the yard with the farmer, who showed quite a fancy for the bright Wall street boy. The farmer was interested in Wall Street,

though he had never done any long-distance speculating through the mail, chiefly because that method did not appeal to him. Had he been intimately acquainted with some broker, he might have taken a shy at the stock market just for the novelty of the thing.

He could afford a luxury of that sort, even if it produced no results, or even was a positive loss. There was hardly a day during Bob's stay that he and the farmer had not talked about Wall Street, and Bob was so well informed, in the farmer's estimation, at any rate, that the agriculturist believed he was the equal of the average broker. Farmer Wheat learned from Bob more of the ins and outs of the financial district than he had ever dreamed of before, and the knowledge rather tickled him. During the winter he would be able to blow off before his country friends, and he guessed they would regard his brain pan with a lot more respect. He was sorry Bob was leaving in the morning. He would have been glad to have boarded him free for a month just for his company, which is going some for a farmer.

"I'll be down to New York before long, Mr. Sterett," he said, as he and Bob crossed the yard toward the big barn, "and I'll call in and see you."

"I hope you will, Mr. Wheat," replied Bob. "It will give me great pleasure to show you around town."

After some further talk, during which the farmer attended to various matters that he never let get by him, they returned to the house and seated themselves on the front porch, where they found the school teacher talking with Farmer Wheat's housekeeper, for the farmer was a childless widower. Nine o'clock came around and Mr. Wheat excused himself and went to bed, leaving Bob, Phil and the teacher together. At half-past nine the schoolma'am retired to her room. Bob and Phil remained till ten and then Bob said he was going to turn in, as he had to get up early to catch a train. Half an hour later the house was still and everybody presumed asleep. Bob wasn't, though. He had just finished packing his suitcase and a small grip, and was undressing himself by the light of the moon which shone in at his window. At that moment his sharp ears heard a stealthy step out in the landing. It paused outside the door of his room for a few moments and then went on. Bob opened his door and looked out. Walking along the landing in his stocking feet, with a candle in his hand, was Phil Sketchley. The Wall Street boy saw him pause outside his uncle's door and listen, then he opened the door cautiously, looked in, and finally entered, closing the door after him.

"I wonder what he's up to?" thought Bob, thinking his movements rather suspicious.

A minute or two passed and Phil did not return. Then Bob ventured down the landing and peeped through the keyhole of the door. He saw Phil at his uncle's bureau, taking something out of a top drawer that looked like gold coin. A moment later he shut the drawer, locked it, and placed the key on a hook. Then he picked up the candle and came toward the door. Bob hastily retreated to his room. He held his door slightly ajar and waited till Phil got abreast of

it, when he opened it suddenly. Sketchley uttered an ejaculation and dropped the candle.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob. "Did I scare you?"

"Yes," said Phil, picking up the candle with a trembling hand.

"Come in here. I want to see you," said Bob.

"What do you want? I thought you were asleep."

"Come in. I don't want to disturb Miss Black, whose room is opposite, by talking in the landing."

He held the door open and Phil reluctantly entered.

"I'm in a hurry to get to bed. I've got to take you to the station in the morning," said Phil.

"Your uncle has been in bed these two hours, Sketchley, how came you to go in his room?"

"I wasn't in his room. I just came upstairs," said Phil. "What made you think I was in there?"

"Because I saw you."

"You saw me!" cried Phil, his face turning a whitish green.

"Yes, I saw you go to his bureau, open the top drawer, and take some money—gold coin—out of it. Are you beginning the pinching game that sent your father to State prison?"

Phil glared at the young Wall Street boy as though he would have liked to choke him. He was rather dull witted and for the moment he couldn't think of any available excuse to cover up his conduct.

"Do you call me a thief?" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"It looks like it, but perhaps I'm mistaken. If you'll take that money right back and replace it in the drawer I'll feel that I was mistaken, and that I really didn't see you do anything out of the way."

"That money belongs to me," said Phil.

"I won't dispute your word, but I think your uncle would prefer to have you ask him for it than to have you take it on the sly."

"Are you going to tell him in the morning?"

"Not if you return it; otherwise I might consider it my duty to tell him that I dreamed I saw somebody enter his room in the night and help himself to a part of his funds."

"If you give me away I'll be ruined. I want that money for a certain purpose. When I get through with it I'll put it back."

"I'd rather see you put it back now. However, you can do as you choose."

Bob's tones spoke volumes, and Phil gave up.

"I'll put it back," he said.

"I don't think you could do better."

Phil started to leave.

"Good night," said Bob. "I'll tell your uncle about my dream in the morning. He'd probably look in his drawer and count his money. If he finds it all right he'll know that it was only a dream and you won't be suspected."

Phil muttered something under his breath and departed. Bob chuckled.

"He'll put it back, but I'm afraid he's started on the road his father followed with such unfortunate results. He appears to be a chip of the old block. I'm afraid he'll never come into his uncle's property."

Bob finished undressing and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.—Bob Buys Worthless Stock.

Bob reached Weehawken about noon next day, crossed the river, and took an elevated train for downtown with his small grip. He had turned his suit case check over to the transfer company so that article would be delivered at his boarding-house in advance of his arrival there. When he reached the office where he was employed he reported himself to the cashier. Then he was surprised to learn that his employer was dead and buried. He had expired suddenly of heart failure at his cottage in the country two days after his messenger started on his vacation.

"He seemed to be healthy enough when I saw him last, on the Friday before I left the city," said Bob. "He's the last person I'd expect to hear had died in a hurry."

"No one expected him to die," said the cashier; "but he's gone, just the same."

"Are you running the office now?"

"Yes, I am in charge under the direction of the executor."

"I suppose the business will go on just the same?"

"I couldn't tell you what the executor's intentions are concerning the office. He might wind affairs up. I suppose it will depend somewhat on the wishes of Mrs. Blakeley."

"Well, I'm ready to attend to business, Mr. Brown."

Bob took his seat and waited to be called upon. It was the end of August and things in Wall Street were slow. At one o'clock Bob went to lunch, and during the afternoon he had little to do. The executor came in at half-past three and Bob made his acquaintance. Shortly afterward the young messenger put on his hat and went uptown. On the following day Bob saw a paragraph in a Western paper about a silver mine called the Piute Consolidated. It stated that the property had changed hands after an unsatisfactory career. The stock was listed on the Goldfield Exchange at four cents a share. There was nothing striking about the news, and the boy forgot it as soon as he turned to the next item. Later in the day a shabby-looking man came in and asked for Broker Blakely.

"He's dead," Bob told him.

"Dead! That's too bad. When did he die?"

"A couple of weeks ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the shabby man.

"He and I used to be great friends some years ago before I went out West. Who's running the office now?"

"The administrator of the estate."

"Is he in?"

"Yes. Want to see him?"

"I should like to."

"What's your name?"

"Thomas Jones."

Bob took the visitor's name in and he was admitted. In a few moments the electric bell called the boy into the private room.

"Tell Mr. Brown to come in here," said the executor, whose name was Cady.

Bob carried the message to the cashier and that gentleman went in. In about five minutes he came out, followed by the seedy man, the latter with a glum look on his face. The visitor went

away, and Bob went out on an errand shortly afterward. On his return he saw the shabby man coming out of another broker's office.

"Hello, sonny; we meet again," said Thomas Jones.

"Yes, sir; such things happen often in Wall Street," replied Bob.

"I'm in hard luck," said Jones.

"How's that?"

"I've just got out of the hospital and I haven't got a cent."

"That's kind of rough."

"Yes. I expected to raise the wind on a bunch of Piute Consolidated mining stock I own, but nobody seems to want it."

"Piute Consolidated! I read something about that in a Western paper this morning."

"Did you? What did the paper say about it?"

"That the ownership of the mine had changed hands and that its prospects were rather unsatisfactory."

"H'm! I suppose that accounts for the turn-down I've been getting."

"Very likely. Still I should think you could get something for the stock, for it was quoted in yesterday's Goldfield market report at four cents a share."

"Every broker I've called on said it had no market."

"Well, if there is no demand for it of course its market value counts for very little. How much of it have you got?"

"Twenty thousand shares."

"That's quite a block," said Bob, in some surprise. "But if you can't find a purchaser for it, it's a dead asset on your hands."

"That's just it. If it's quoted at four cents a share on the Goldfield Stock Exchange, why can't I get two cents for it in Wall Street?"

"Probably you would get the full value if anybody wanted it; but what nobody wants has no tangible value, no matter what it may intrinsically be worth."

"Yes, that is so. Here I am worth, on paper, \$800, and yet I can't sell the stock for the price of a meal and a night's lodging."

"That's stretching the case a little too far. Still if the mine hasn't any prospects, what good is the stock?"

"No good, I suppose," said the shabby man.

"Are you really so very hard up?"

"I am. I haven't got a cent."

"Well, here is a quarter. Go and get your dinner. Then make another effort to get the best price you can for the stock. What did it cost you?"

"Five cents a share."

"That was \$1,000. It was a bad investment, I guess. How came you to buy it?"

"I was out in the diggings at the time the mine was put on the market as a promising prospect. I had a few thousand dollars then. That was three years ago. I went over to the mine and looked at it. I have been a prospector most of my life, and the property looked good to me. So I went in with a number of others and bought up the first 100,000 shares. After the money was used up, another 100,000 was sold in small lots to probably fifty people. Finally a third batch of stock was issued. I then lost faith in it and finding I couldn't sell out in Goldfield, or any-

where in that vicinity, I came East to see if I could get rid of it here. I was taken sick soon after I got here and was taken to the Bellevue Hospital, where I've been ever since. I was discharged this morning and I thought I would be able to sell some of the stock to tide me over, but the prospect doesn't look very encouraging. Much obliged for the quarter, young man. I'll call and pay it back if I sell the stock. I'd be glad to take \$100 for the whole bunch."

"Well, see what you can do with it. If you fail to sell it even for \$100, call and see me. I might buy it on a chance," said Bob.

"Will you? I'll let you have the thousand shares I've got with me for \$5."

"No. You might get more from some broker. If you can't drop into the office about half-past three and I'll give you \$5 for the certificates."

"All right. If I don't call, you'll know I've sold it for more than that."

Thomas Jones then started for a cheap restaurant on William street and Bob went on to his office. During the afternoon he made inquiries regarding Piute Consolidated, and the sum total of his investigations stamped the mine as no good. At half-past three the shabby man turned up.

"Can't sell it, sonny," he said. "Here's the certificates for the fiver."

"I'll give you \$50 for the 20,000 shares, Mr. Jones."

"I'll take you. It may pan out a good thing for you in the long run, for you never can tell what'll happen to a mine that's in the silver belt. It may drop out of sight for years and then suddenly turn up a winner. Such things have happened more than once."

"I know they have; that's why I'm willing to risk \$50 on it. I can afford to lose that much on a risky investment."

"Give me a dollar on account and I'll leave the 1,000 shares with you. I will fetch the rest down some time to-morrow."

Bob handed him a dollar and took the certificates. Looking at one of them, he saw that the office of the company was in Goldfield. As soon as he got all the certificates he intended to send them out there to have the stock transferred to his name. About noon next day the shabby man appeared with his bundle of certificates. Bob looked them over, and seeing they were all right he handed over the \$4.

"Thanks, young man," said Thomas Jones. "Every little helps when a man is down on his luck. I have lost \$950 on that speculation, and at the worst you can't lose over \$50. I wish you luck. Send them to the office in Goldfield and have them transferred to your name, then you can stow them away in your trunk, and some day maybe you may make several hundred per cent. profit out of them."

Jones then departed, leaving the young messenger a large stockholder in a mine that was not considered worth its salt.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob Loses His Job.

Bob sent the stock to Goldfield, and after a time got back new certificates made out in his

own name. He stowed them away in his trunk and gave them no further thought. It was now the middle of September and things were looking up again in Wall Street. One day he discovered that L. & M. shares were rising in the market. He thought it offered a chance for him to make a few dollars, so he went around to the little bank on Nassau street, where he did his trading, and putting up \$500, ordered 50 shares bought for his account on the usual margin. The stock was going at 96. On the following day it jumped to 100, and by the end of the week to 110. He sold out at once, as he didn't care to take any more chances with it. His profit on this deal was \$900. An hour after he sold the price dropped to 105 and next day went to 99.

"I'm lucky to lose," he thought, when he noticed the slump. "If I'd held on for more I'd have got badly left. I'm worth \$1,700 now, which is pretty good for a messenger boy."

On Saturday all the employees were notified that the business had been sold to a new firm of traders who would take immediate possession. One of the firm was present when the announcement was made. He said that all the clerical force would be retained for the present. Bob supposed that he was included in this statement, but found that he was not. The senior partner of the new firm had a nephew to whom he was going to give the job of messenger. He gave Bob a week's notice to look for another job. Bob wasn't particularly sorry, as he was tired of the messenger business. Instead of looking for another job, he decided to try his luck on the market as a matter of business as soon as the following week was up. With \$1,700 at his back, he could afford to try the experiment. If it didn't pan out, he could look up another position. His successor, a fair-haired young chap of fifteen, appeared on Monday, and Bob was directed to show him the ropes, which he good-naturedly proceeded to do. The new messenger's name was Willie Keeler. When Willie came in on Wednesday morning he found Bob busily engaged reading one of the Wall Street papers that had been delivered that morning.

"What are you so interested in, Bob?" he asked.

"The news of Wall Street."

"How does that interest you?"

"Because I need the information."

"I should think you'd find it dry reading."

"Didn't you find some of your school books pretty dry studying?"

"I bet you I did."

"I'm studying the Wall Street situation just the same as I learned my lessons at school, for the ultimate benefit I expect to reap from the knowledge."

"Are messenger boys expected to do that?"

"I can't say that they are. I never was told to do it. I took to it for my own benefit, and I think I've been the gainer by it."

"I hope my uncle doesn't order me to study the papers," said Willie. "It isn't in my line. I'll have enough to do to carry messages without bothering about what's going on in Wall Street."

"Don't worry. Your uncle won't ask you to read Wall Street papers. Ah, what's this? The D. & L. is going to——"

Bob read the rest of the paragraph to himself.

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"That stock will go up a few points on the strength of that, if it is true. I must take the chance and get next to 100 shares. I ought to make three months' wages out of it," thought Bob.

The employees came trooping in, but Bob continued to read the financial news. The boys went out together in twenty minutes, but before they left the office Bob took an envelope addressed to himself out of the safe.

"Say, you know where the Mills Building is," said Bob.

"Sure I do."

"Then you don't need me to pilot you. I've got a little business to attend to. I'll meet you here in about fifteen minutes, and we'll return to the office together."

"All right," said Willie, and he started across to the head of Broad street. Bob then made a bee-line for Nassau street, hurried to the little bank and ordered 150 shares of D. & L. to be bought for his account, though he had at first only intended to go in on 100. The stock was quoted at 150. The boys were kept fairly busy that day, but Bob found plenty of opportunity to get a sight of the ticker and keep track of his stock. By three o'clock D. & L. had gone up three points.

"That puts me \$450 to the good. Over a year's wages in a day," he said to himself, when he noted the closing figures. "Who would be a messenger when he could make money like that? Not me, at any rate."

D. & L. went up three more points next day. Bob heard the brokers discussing the rise, which they ascribed to the statement made by the paper.

"It will hardly go any higher," said one trader. "I'm going to sell at the present figure."

The other broker agreed that it was well to sell at that moment. They went into the Exchange to get rid of their stock. Bob thought it was a good time to sell, too, as he had no idea at all what the stock would do next. He found no chance to go to work until an hour later when D. & L. had gone up another point. He put in his order, congratulating himself that the delay had put \$150 extra in his pocket. The bank settled with him on Saturday morning, and his profit on the deal amounted to \$1,050. At half-past twelve he received his last pay envelope from the cashier.

"I'm sorry you're going, Bob," said Mr. Brown. "It seems a shame that you are the only one who has lost his position by the change."

"Don't you worry about me, Mr. Brown. I won't lose anything by it. I've made more money this week than you have paid me in wages for two years and a half," said Bob cheerfully.

"You have? How?"

"On D. & L. I bought 150 shares on Wednesday just before the rise, and I sold it on Friday at an advance of seven points. I made a little over \$1,000. That is how I did it."

Bob wished all hands good-by, including Willie Keeler, and then left the office for good.

the little bank and took his seat in the big reception-room facing the blackboard on which the day's quotations would be chalked up during the five-hour session of the Exchange. It was then about half-past nine and there were a fair number of customers and visitors already present. An hour later the room would be pretty full. He got talking with the man in the next seat, who turned out to be a veteran of the Street. He was grizzled and gray, and his clothes were kind of threadbare, but once on a time he was worth over \$100,000, and was a welcome visitor at many brokerage houses where now he would not be noticed. Bob told the man how he had been a messenger for three years in a broker's office, and how he lost his job. He also told him how he had begun to speculate on \$50, and his capital had crept up to over fifty times his original stake. Long before he reached that point the Exchange had commenced business and the morning's quotations had begun to make their appearance on the blackboard. Several days went by before he saw anything worth taking a hand in, and then he bought 100 shares of North Central at 80. This was a small road which having been recently gobbled up by a big trunk line, was now quite active.

It jumped up and down a few points at a time. Bob having observed its movements since Monday, bought it immediately after a slump, and sold it the same day after it had gone up three points. Once again he was successful, clearing \$300, which he regarded as a fine week's wages, and which raised his capital to \$3,000. There were many buyers at the price at which he sold, and they all lost when it took another tumble. He went into it again on Monday morning, buying 200 shares this time at 79.

"If you follow my lead I think you'll win," he told the veteran with whom he had struck up a regular acquaintance. "North Central is down now as low as it generally goes. I'm in on 200 shares this time. I expect to win again, for it's pretty certain to go up again in a day or two. It isn't a stock to hold on to. You must sell quick, as soon as you see a reasonable profit in sight, and I regard two or three points as the limit of my risk."

The veteran decided to take his advice, and he bought 20 shares, which took the whole of his capital. Next day North Central began bobbing upward again, and after a rise of two points, it took a spurt to five and a fraction. Bob sold and so did the veteran. Bob made \$500 and the veteran \$100.

"You see, I'm too lucky to lose," laughed the ex-messenger.

North Central did not go any higher, but it held its own at 84 during the rest of the week, and Bob looked around for some other promising stock to take a chance on. He found it in A. & D., which was ruling at 75 and was slowly advancing. He bought 200 shares, and the veteran again followed his lead. It went to 80 by Saturday at half-past eleven and Bob corraled another \$500. The veteran cleared \$150, and he came down on Monday looking a different man. He had on a neat business suit, with a new tie, new hat and new shoes. Bob hardly knew him.

"Why, hello, Mr. Stewart; you're quite a dude to-day. Been blowing yourself, I see. That's a sensible move, for if the market should clean you

CHAPTER V.—A Chapter of Good Fortune.

When Bob came down to Wall street on the following Monday morning, he went straight to

out on your next venture, you've got a new outfit at any rate which the market can't deprive you of."

That day on his way to lunch Bob met Willie Keeler.

"Hello, Willie! How are you getting on?" he asked.

"All right. How are you doing?"

"First rate. I've made \$1,300 since I left the office."

"How did you make it? That's a lot of money."

"By planting a few hundred dollars and then sitting in a chair and watching it grow."

Willie didn't seem to understand, so Bob explained that he had been speculating in the market. When Willie got back to the office he told the cashier how much Bob told him he had won on the market since leaving the office two weeks since. Bob didn't return to the little bank that afternoon, but stood around the Curb for a change. There happened to be a flurry on in copper at the time, with Century Consolidated as a favorite. Bob bought 400 shares of it at \$10 a share, paying for it outright. At the end of the week it was up to \$16 a share, and as the young speculator was not looking for the last dollar, he sold out and added \$2,400 to his capital. When he told the veteran how he had been employing himself for the greater part of the week, with the results that had come of it, he had to admit that Bob's winning streak was holding on with a good grip. Bob met Willie on Saturday morning and told him he had made \$1,000 more that week than his winnings of the two preceding weeks.

"That's \$3,700 I've captured since leaving the office," he said. "Your uncle did me a big favor by putting you in my place."

Willie carried the news to the cashier again, and Mr. Brown this time told the second bookkeeper, and the second bookkeeper spread it around the office. Bob was regarded as a wonder for luck, for no one believed that good judgment played any part in his good fortune. On the whole, they thought he was foolish in not looking for another position, for they considered it only a matter of a short time before he would run against contrary luck and drop all he had won.

CHAPTER VI.—Bob's Streak of Luck Continues.

"Hello, Mr. Stewart, I see you're on the job early," said Bob, when he made his appearance at the little bank on Monday morning of his third week as a master of his own time and actions.

"Yes. I haven't anything better to do than to hang around here," replied the veteran.

"I see by the paper that things are expected to develop in N. & O."

"I noticed it; but you can't depend on what the newspapers say. Sometimes they hit the bull's-eye, and more often they don't. And there are other reasons why they cannot be trusted. The interests make it an object for the papers to print news that they want circulated for their own benefit. The public bites and in the end gets stuck. It was by putting too much dependence on the papers that I did myself up in the days when I had money. I wanted to get rich

too quick, and as a result I was cleaned out. If I had been more conservative in my investments I would not now be at the foot of the ladder in my old age. You're young, with the world before you, and while it would be discouraging for you to lose the money you have made in the stock market, it would not greatly affect your future. I am at the wrong end of life to hope to recuperate the wreck of my financial prospects."

"Well, you follow my lead while I'm lucky, and maybe you'll make enough to set you on your feet again," said Bob.

He pulled a Wall Street paper out of his pocket and began reading it. It spoke about N. & O., and gave reasons why it might be expected to go up. The stock was down to bed rock and was due for a rise.

"I'm going to take a chance on N. & O. I intend to buy 500 shares," said Bob.

"That will take \$5,000 of your money. I think it is foolish for you to plunge that way. Suppose it dropped below your marginal limit, have you got enough left to protect it?" asked the veteran.

"I could protect it a little—about two points. But I'm not worrying about that. There isn't one chance in fifty in my opinion that N. & O. would fall twelve points. It's as low now as it has gone in months. It ought to go the other way. Well, are you with me?"

Stewart was. He bought 30 shares, which were as many as he could put up margin for. They then went back to their seats to watch the blackboard. N. & O. went up two points that day. Stewart watched it during the whole five hours, but Bob was off at the Curb a part of the time, though he had no funds to invest in any other deal. After getting his lunch, he started for the little bank again. When he struck the corner of Exchange Place he saw sailing down toward him a tough messenger of the Maritime Exchange, with whom he was on bad terms. He did not notice that Willie Keeler was coming down the opposite side of the narrow street at a fast clip. When two objects at nearly an equal distance apart approach each other at a right angle there is always the possibility of their coming together at a point. This happened to Willie and the Maritime messenger, whose name was Tim Bunker. They not only met, but collided with force sufficient to stagger both. Willie being the lightest, got the worst of it. Bob felt inclined to laugh at the accident until he saw Bunker haul off and swat Willie in the face.

Willie, who was no match for Bunker, went down, whereupon the maritime youth gave him a kick in the side. Bob rushed across the street to take Willie's part, and when he saw Bunker kick the boy as he lay at his mercy he decided it was a time for action, not words. He sprang at the tough messenger and smashed him a clip in the jaw that made his teeth rattle. He did not propose to give Bunker time to recover himself so he landed him a left hook on the other side of his jaw, following it up with a straight one between the eyes. Bunker was a fighter, but not a scientific one. Taken at a disadvantage and by surprise, he struck out wildly, and his blows landed only against air. Bob rushed in and planted

a finisher on Tim's unprotected chin, sending him to the sidewalk. Then he helped Willie up.

"Come, let's get out of here before a cop comes along," he said, dragging the new messenger off by the hand.

"I'm much obliged to you for thumping that loafer," said Willie. "He gave me an awful soak in the mouth. I couldn't help running into him. In fact, we ran into one another. I wonder if he thinks he owns the street."

"He's a big bully and tough. I know him. His name is Tim Bunker and he works for the Maritime Exchange. I've had half a dozen run-ins with him. He used to get the better of me, but since I took boxing lessons he lost his grip. We had a regular set-to on New street four months ago and I knocked spots out of him. He has kept clear of me since," said Bob.

"You knocked spots out of him just now, too, and served him right, kicking a fellow when he's down," said Willie.

"That's what made me pitch into him."

"I'm glad you soaked him. Do you think he'll try to get square on me for it?"

"If he interferes with you again let me know when you see me, and I'll make it my business to take him down again."

They separated at the corner and Bob went on to the little bank, where he found Stewart where he had left him.

"I see N. & O. is up three-quarters of a point," said Bob.

"Yes. It's been rising an eighth at a time. It isn't much, but it's better than standing still or going the other way."

Bob chewed on a half-pint of peanuts and watched the board until three came around, by which time N. & O. registered an advance of a full point. Next day N. & O. was a little more lively. It fluctuated up and down all during the session, and finally closed at two points more ahead. On Wednesday it rose to 87, or five points higher than Bob and the veteran had bought it, whereupon they began debating whether to sell or hold on for a higher figure.

"It may go to 90," said Bob. "That isn't a high price for it."

N. & O. went to 88 next day, and on Friday reached 90.

"We'll sell out," said Bob, and they did.

Bob added \$4,000 to his working capital, making it \$10,000, while Mr. Stewart annexed \$240, and for the first time in two years he was worth something over \$500. He was as tickled over his winnings as a child over a new toy.

"I never expected to be worth \$500 again," he said. "When the bank cashes up I'll have over \$560. The very thought of it makes me feel ten years younger. In fact, that \$500 gives me more satisfaction than \$100,000 did in the old days. I owe all this good fortune to you, Sterett, and I'm everlastingly grateful to you. And it has all come out of a chance meeting in this room. It's a wonder you cared to speak to the shabby-looking man I then was. Poverty is no crime, but it makes a man feel like a criminal, almost. People shun him, as if he had some contamination about him. Well, I suppose it's the way of the world, and will continue until the world is made over again."

"The people, you mean," laughed Bob, as he got up to go.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Starts in Business.

Now that he was worth \$10,000 Bob decided that he could afford to have a small office that he could consider as his headquarters. It might be the nucleus of a brokerage business in the long run. Of course he really didn't need any such a luxury to conduct his present business—an office in his hat was good enough; but he had ideas on the subject that he intended to carry out, and so he started to find an office on the following day. He was lucky enough to find what he wanted at the first building he struck—a single room which a firm that had a suite of four wanted to get a tenant for. He secured it at a reduction from the regular rent until the first of the following May. He paid a month's rent down and got the key, the firm promising to have it cleared out and ready for his occupancy on Monday. Bob next went to an office furnishing house on Nassau street and bought a second-hand desk, in first-class condition, a table, several chairs, a rug, a small safe that the man had just bought, and a few other things. He paid for them and ordered them to be delivered on Monday forenoon. He bought some pictures to relieve the bareness of the walls, and wound up by arranging for ticker services. On Monday morning he called on a painter and asked him to call around and put his name on the door about noon. He dropped in at the little bank, told Stewart he had rented an office and would have it all fixed up by noon, and invited him to go around with him and look at it. The veteran had no objection, and when he saw the room he said it would be just the thing for Bob's headquarters.

"And yours, too, Mr. Stewart. I won't ask you to pay a cent toward the rent. You can have your name put on the door in small letters if you like, and have your mail left here," said Bob.

The furniture came while they were there, and before they left the office was in pretty good shape. Bob returned at noon to meet the ticker man and the painter. He told the painter when he came to paint the following:

"Robert Sterett, Stocks and Bonds," and down in one corner, "John Stewart."

On his way to lunch Bob left an order for some business cards, letter-headings, brokers' statements and memoranda, and pick out such books as he believed he would need. Then he added pens, ink, mucilage and other stationery. He spent the afternoon at the little bank, and he and Stewart collected what was coming to them on the N. & O. deal. He took his money around to the office, along with five \$100 bills belonging to Stewart, and locked the cash in his safe. Before he went home he subscribed for two Wall Street publications—one a daily and the other a weekly. Later in the week he sent off subscriptions to several Western mining papers. When he came down next morning he brought his 20,000 shares of Plute Consolidated mining stock and put it in the safe. Then Stewart came in, and they talked over one thing or another until ten o'clock. The first quotation of the day began

coming out on the ticker tape and they gave their attention to the market. At eleven Bob left Stewart in possession and went down to see how things were going on the Curb. A run had just commenced on the Alta mining stock on account of a new discovery of ore in the mine. The stock had been selling at 25 cents. It was now ruling at 35.

Bob ordered a broker to buy him any part of 10,000 shares, handing him his business card, and he ordered 1,000 shares of another broker for Stewart, for he believed there was some money in the rise, and he had no time to consult with the old man. He didn't believe Stewart would object, but if he did he would pay for it himself. When he got back to the office in company with a messenger from the broker he had given the order for the 10,000 shares to he told Stewart what he had done, and the old man ratified the deal made on his part. Bob handed the messenger \$3,500 and took the broker's receipt for it. The commission was to be paid on delivery of the shares. Soon afterward the messenger from the second broker came and Stewart handed him \$350. Bob then went back to the Curb to watch the deal. By half-past two the stock was up to 50 cents. It went to 60 cents next day.

On the following day it only went up two cents so Bob concluded to sell out. He divided the stock among several brokers and it was sold without any trouble at the market price. Bob cleared \$2,600 and Stewart a tenth of that sum. Bob, before studying up Wall Street, wrote a letter to Farmer Brown, telling the agriculturist that he had gone into business for himself, and enclosing his business card so that the farmer would know where to find him in case he came to New York on a visit. He was affixing a stamp to the envelope, after addressing it, when the door opened and a well-dressed man came in.

"Mr. Sterett is not in, I believe?" said the visitor, looking around the room.

"My name is Sterett, sir. What can I do for you?" said Bob.

"Are you the tenant of this room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your sign would imply that you're a broker."

"Yes, sir; kind of reads that way."

"You buy and sell stocks and bonds?"

"Yes, sir—on commission."

"Then you are not buying anything in that line on your own account?"

"Occasionally."

"Here is a list of a number of mining stocks I have on hand. If you will look it over, you might find something in it that would catch your eye."

"I will do so. By the way, you haven't told me your name," said Bob.

"My name is Benjamin Crosby. My office is on this floor."

"Are you a Curb broker?"

"Yes; I do business on the Curb."

Bob glanced over the names of the mining stocks. None of them impressed him as being worth shucks.

"I see you have a small block of Piute Consolidated. Do you consider that mine worth anything?"

"Why not? It is in the middle of the Death Valley silver belt—a region that when fully de-

veloped will leave the Goldfield district far in the shade."

"What are you asking for the stock?"

"Five cents."

"Why, the market price is only 3 1-2."

"I know; but you can't buy a share of it at that price."

"Why not?"

"Because there's hardly any of it East here, and those who want it must pay a little more than the market to get it."

"I got a bunch of it a while ago for a quarter of a cent a share."

"A quarter of a cent!"

"Yes. The owner of the stock tried a dozen brokers in an effort to sell it, but all of them refused to handle it on the ground that nobody wanted it."

"But you bought it."

"I bought it more out of charity than because I wanted the shares."

"The man must have been a fool to sell it for such a price."

"He needed the money badly, and when no regular Curb broker would touch it at any price, what was he to do? He had to live somehow, so I helped him out on the chance that some day the mine might be worth something," said Bob.

"Well, I consider the stock worth five cents."

"Perhaps you'll make a bid on my block?"

"No; I'm selling, not buying, it."

"I would like to get a cent a share for what I've got, for I don't believe the mine is worth anything at present."

"Why don't you send it to Goldfield?"

"Because it is no more in demand there than it is here, in spite of the fact that it is quoted at 3 1-2 cents."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I have investigated the matter."

"Then we won't discuss it further. Anything else on the list you would like to buy?"

"No, there is nothing that I care for."

"You had better keep the list, in case you should change your mind."

"Very well."

The visitor nodded, got up and took his leave. Bob chuckled as if quite tickled at something.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Missing Bag of Gold.

A dull spell in the stock market took place and for the next two weeks Bob did not feel that the situation warranted his touching any stock. The Market was beginning to look up when Bob got a letter from Farmer Brown. The farmer said he was coming to New York in a few days and would bring his nephew with him. Bob felt that he would be quite pleased to see the farmer, but he had no desire to renew his acquaintance with Phil Sketchley. Their relations were rather strained since the incident that happened on the night before his departure from the farm. Phil had taken him to the station, not because he wanted to, but because he had to, and neither had had much to say during the three-mile trip. As soon as Phil handed out his suit case at the station he started back without saying good-by. Bob was satisfied that Phil had taken the money

from his uncle's drawer in order to provide himself with funds to come to the city. Being compelled to return it blighted his plans, for the time being at least. It happened that Farmer Brown, without suspecting his nephew of any light-fingered proclivities, put the key of his money drawer in a less exposed place on the following day, and thus removed temptation from the young man's path.

Bob finally picked out the O. & H. stock to make his next essay with. He bought 500 shares and Stewart went in on 60. The stock went up a point and a half in a day or two and then began to drop. In a week it was going at 88, two points lower than they paid for it.

"I'm afraid your luck is taking a turn," said the veteran regretfully, for he was as much interested in Bob's streak of success as the boy himself. Two days afterward the price had gone down to 85.

"You made a mistake in picking out O. & H. I guess I'll sell out before it goes lower," said Stewart.

"Don't you do it. You'll lose \$300."

"If I hold on I may lose the whole \$600, for I can't put up more than \$200 to try and save it, and that is only good for two more points."

"I'll loan you enough to help you put up another ten points, if we are called on for additional margin."

"How about yourself?"

"I can stand for another ten per cent. It will never go down twenty per cent. The market is getting steadier every day."

The veteran allowed himself to be prevailed on not to sell, and next day the price sagged two points more.

"I can't imagine what influence is at work against O. & H.," said Bob, "but evidently there is something."

"It is a good stock," said Stewart.

"Sure it is; that's why I tackled it. It will recover in a day or two. Most of the other stocks are holding their own very well, and some of them are advancing."

"I'm going up to the bank to watch the blackboard. I can keep better track of things than by looking at the tape."

"Run along, then. I'll stay here till about one, and then I'll go to lunch."

Stewart had been gone ten minutes when in walked Farmer Brown and Phil Sketchley, the latter with some reluctance.

"Why, hello, Mr. Brown; glad to see you!" said Bob, jumping up and taking him by the hand. "Take a seat and make yourself at home."

Then he nodded in an off-hand way at Phil.

"I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Sterett," said the farmer, sitting down and dropping a handbag he carried alongside his chair.

"When did you arrive?" asked Bob.

"We just got here. Landed at Weehawken about an hour ago, crossed the river, and came straight here to call on you. The transfer man took the checks of our bags and is going to deliver them at the Astor House for us," said the farmer. "As that will take a little time, I thought there wasn't no particular use going to the hotel until after we called to see you. So this is your office, eh?" and he looked around

the room. "Looks quite businesslike. How are you making out?"

"All right," said Bob.

"Say, I brought some money along in case you could recommend something good for me to speculate in," said Farmer Brown, after they had conversed a while.

"So, you're thinking of taking a flyer on the market?" said Bob.

"Yes; it struck me that a little excitement down here among the bulls and bears would kind of tone me up after a hard summer and spring."

"Well, I think it would be safe for you to get in on O. & H. It's way down below bedrock and is bound to go up in a few days. I'm in on it myself."

"Are you?"

"Yes; but I bought when it was higher, and am behind on the deal at present. If you go in you'll have the advantage of me by seven points, and you ought to come out a good winner."

"How much will it cost me to go in?"

"How much do you care to invest?"

"I've got \$2,000 in my bag. I could put that up."

"That would get you 200 shares on a ten per cent. margin, which ought to be pretty safe as things go. You can buy it at, let me see," and Bob grabbed the tape at his elbow.

O. & H. was half a point higher than when Stewart left the office.

"It's going up. If you're going to make the deal you'd better lose no time about it."

"You can put me down for 200 shares," said Farmer Brown, reaching for his bag.

Sketchley was moving uneasily on his chair, and suddenly jumped up and said he guessed he'd go down to the front door and take a look around.

"Hold on," said his uncle; "you wait till I go."

At that moment the door opened and the pretty stenographer from next door walked in with some work in her hand that Bob had employed her to do for him. The girl took Phil's eye, and he remained standing at the foot of the table. Farmer Brown went to the head of the table and proceeded to open his bag. Bob was about to take the work from the girl when the agriculturalist uttered a startled exclamation.

"What's the matter, Mr. Brown?" asked Bob.

As he spoke Phil made a break for the door.

"Half my money is gone!" cried Farmer Brown in consternation.

"What!" exclaimed Bob. "Maybe your nephew can account for it?"

"Don't you dare insinuate that I took any of my uncle's money!" shouted Phil angrily, shaking his first at Bob.

The farmer looked at Sketchley and then at Bob.

"I placed two bags of gold, each containing \$1,000, in this box last night before going to bed. I left the box on my bureau with the key underneath it. I found it this morning exactly as I left it, but I did not think it necessary to open the box before leaving the house, as I had no reason to suspect it had been tampered with by any one. Phil was the only one who had easy access to my room, but surely he would be the last one to rob me," said the farmer.

"Of course I'd be the last one," said Phil glibly. "I'm no thief, even if my father was."

"Phil," exclaimed Brown sternly, "I'm astonished you should mention your father in such a connection."

"I couldn't help it," growled Phil. "It popped out before I thought."

"Nobody could have got at my money during the trip to the city, for I never let the box out of my hands, and Phil sat beside me all the way," said the farmer.

"I guess you left the other bag of money behind you, uncle," said Phil.

"Impossible!" said the farmer. "I am positive I put both bags in this box, just as I got them out of the village bank."

"If you did, both bags ought to be in it now," said Phil.

"You can see that only one of them is there."

"Well, I don't know anything about your money."

Brown was greatly disturbed over the missing bag of gold. No one likes to lose so large a sum as \$1,000. Phil seemed anxious to get out of the room, and he edged over to the door. Bob looked over the letters the stenographer had brought him and told her they were all right. She immediately took her departure, and Phil followed her outside. Observing that his nephew had left the room, Farmer Brown turned to Bob and said:

"How came you to say that my nephew might be able to account for that money?"

"I have no right to say that he took it, but from something that happened the night before I left the farm I suspected he might know where the other bag went."

"What was it that happened the night before you left the farm?"

"I didn't intend to mention it, but seeing that you seem to be out \$1,000 in some mysterious way, I guess it's my duty to tell you," said Bob, who thereupon told Wheat of the visit Phil had made to his cash-drawer in the bureau, and how he (Bob) had compelled the young man to put the money back.

The farmer was rather staggered by this evidence of dishonesty on the part of his nephew.

"It is an uncomfortable surprise for me to learn this. I fear that Phil took the bag of gold last night and left this piece of brass in its place," he said.

He looked at the polished ingot as he spoke and saw his nephew's name scratched upon the bottom of it. He said nothing, but returned the piece of brass to the box. Then he handed the remaining bag of gold to Bob.

"Count it," he said, "and buy me 100 shares of the stock that you consider a good investment. I will look up the missing bag of money when I get home."

Bob made out an order for the farmer to sign, and the agriculturist affixed his signature to it.

"I will buy the stock for you when I go to New York," said Bob. "If you can stay a week in the city?"

"That was my intention, Mr. Sterett, but the loss of my money has altered it. I shall take the early train back home in the morning. Apart from the pleasure of meeting you, I had another object in view in coming here. It will have to wait another time."

"I shall be happy to have you and your nephew lunch with me," said Bob.

"I would accept your invitation, but that I have a little matter I wish to attend to at once. Maybe you will dine with me at the hotel this evening?"

"Certainly, if you wish me to, Mr. Wheat."

The farmer did wish it, and shortly afterward he took his leave.

CHAPTER IX.—Miss Dale.

Shortly after Mr. Wheat went away Bob took the bag of gold and carried it to the little bank, and bought 100 shares of O. & H. for the farmer in his own name. The stock had gone up another half point and was now ruling at 84. He met Stewart at the bank, and found the veteran in a better frame of mind now that the stock was headed in the right direction. After telling the veteran about the visitor he had had at the office, and the order the farmer had left with him, he remembered that he had not yet been to lunch, so he started off to eat. Bob went to the Astor House about six that evening and asked for Mr. Wheat. He was shown up to his room. The farmer gave him a cordial welcome and said he guessed they had better get down to the dining-room.

"Where is your nephew?" asked Bob, as they walked into the dining-room.

"I don't know. I am through with him for good. I made him confess that he took the bag of money out of the box last night."

How did you manage that? He denied all knowledge of it in my office."

"The brass ingot he put in place of the bag had his name on it, and I used it against him. Then he admitted his crime and begged forgiveness. But I could not overlook such a piece of rascality as that, for it shows me that the young man is unprincipled at heart, and I never could trust him again."

After dinner Bob invited Farmer Wheat to go to the theater, and he accepted the invitation. After the show he put the farmer on a downtown Broadway car which would take him direct to the Astor House. Next morning the farmer went home, leaving Bob to look after his deal. At the end of ten days O. & H. went to 95, and Bob sold out his own and the farmer's stock. Stewart, of course, sold out when Bob did, and pocketed \$300 profit. Bob made \$2,500 and the farmer cleared \$1,100. When Bob collected the money he sent Mr. Wheat his profits in the form of a draft on a New York bank, payable at the village bank.

That afternoon he ran against Phil Sketchley on Broad street. The young man had a smart-looking suit on, a gorgeous tie and a rakish hat.

"Well, you done me up with the old man, but I don't care. He gave me the \$1,000 and told me that was all I need expect. I've \$900 of the money left, and I'm going to speculate with it and make money," said Sketchley.

"You're more likely to lose your money than make any more," said Bob.

"Did the old man lose his thousand on O. & H.?"

"No. He made \$1,100 profit. But that was because I put him on a good thing."

"You might put me on a good thing, too, for a starter," said Phil.

"I'd rather not be responsible for anything you do. In any case, I don't know of any good thing at present."

Bob walked off and left Phil standing in front of the Exchange. When he reached Wall street he saw a pretty plainly attired girl of perhaps seventeen years crossing the street toward him from the Sub-treasury Building. At the same moment a heavy wagon rattled down from the direction of Broadway. The girl was in its track and the driver shouted to her. She made an effort to escape, but for some reason, probably fright, she slipped and fell. Bob saw her peril, rushed forward, grabbed her in his arms and swung her out of the way of the team. He supported her to the sidewalk, where she collapsed in his arms. A crowd began to gather, seeing which Bob picked up the girl and carried her across the street, placed her on the lower step of the Sub-treasury and began to fan her with his hat. Naturally, people began to stop again, and that started a fresh crowd.

"Stand back! What's the matter with you?" said Bob, shoving a couple of newsboys out of the way. "Move on, gentlemen," he added; "you are only blocking traffic."

"What's the matter with the young lady?" asked a curious individual.

"Nothing is the matter with her. She's just won a million in the market and fainted from joy," replied Bob. "Move on, gentlemen, please, and give the young lady air."

At that moment Willie Keeler came along. Bob saw him as he joined the crowd.

"Come here, Willie!" he said.

"That you, Bob? What's the excitement?"

"A young lady has fainted. Run down to the Empire Cafe and fetch a glass of water with a dash of brandy in it. Hurry now," said Bob.

He lifted the girl and carried her up the steps away from the crowd. Just then Willie came back with the water and a little brandy in it. Bob poured a little down the girl's throat, and then rubbed her face with it. In a moment or two she recovered her senses. She looked around in a dazed way.

"Feel better, miss?" asked Bob.

"What happened to me?" she said, in a weak voice.

"You were nearly run down by a team of horses and a wagon."

"Oh, yes, I remember; and somebody caught me up and saved me. Then I must have fainted. Was it you who saved me?" she asked, looking at Bob.

"Yes, miss. How do you feel now?"

"I'm afraid I'm very weak."

"Then you had better come to my office and rest a while. Lean on me."

"No, no; I must go on my way."

"You don't look able to walk very far."

That was a fact, for she was very white and trembled all over.

"I must get work to-day if I can."

"Are you looking for a position?"

"Yes."

"In answer to an advertisement?"

"No. I answered half a dozen advertisements to-day, but with no success. I am trying to find work by calling at offices."

"Well, you come with me and I'll see what I can do for you."

It struck Bob that the girl looked half starved.

"You haven't had anything to eat to-day, have you? No lunch, I mean?"

She made no reply.

"I think a cup of tea will make you feel better," he said, as he led her into the office building.

Instead of taking the elevator up, he kept on with her to the rear of the main corridor. On the Pine street side was a quick lunch house. There were not a great many people there at that hour.

"Come in here and have a little lunch," he said.

"I have no money," she faltered.

"That's all right. I'll pay for it."

Before she could offer further objection Bob seated her at a table.

"What can I get you besides tea?"

She looked so nervous and embarrassed that the boy decided to choose himself, so he brought her a plate of stew, bread and butter and tea.

"Now don't mind me; eat your lunch, and then I'll see about getting you work," he said.

"You are very kind to me," she said.

"Don't mention it," said Bob, and thinking he had better leave her to herself, he went to the counter and got into conversation with the boy behind it. The girl began to eat, and she was so hungry that she soon finished the stew. Bob carried her some rice pudding.

"Like another cup of tea?" asked the boy.

"Oh, no, no," she said.

As soon as she had finished, Bob took her to the elevator. She could walk without assistance now. In a few minutes they entered his office.

"Now, miss, may I ask your name?"

"Dale," she replied.

The name seemed familiar to his ear, but he couldn't place it.

"What's your line of business, Miss Dale—stenographer?"

"Yes, and I'm a bookkeeper, too."

"What wages do you want?"

"If I got enough to pay my expenses at the start I'd be satisfied."

"Pay your expenses! You mean to give to your mother?"

"No," she replied, in a sad tone, looking down; "my mother and father are both dead. I am living at the Young Women's Christian Association Building in Harlem."

"Then you have no relatives?"

"No one but an uncle, whom I have never seen, and who has no interest in me."

"Who did you work for last?"

"A firm of skirt manufacturers on Broadway. When I was taken sick and had to go to a hospital they got another girl to take my place."

"How long have you been out of work?"

"It is three weeks since I came out of the hospital. My money is exhausted and I don't know what to do," she said pathetically. "It is so hard to get a position, so many girls are looking for every one that is advertised."

"Your case appears to be a hard one," said Bob sympathetically. "Can't you get help from the Y. W. C. A.?"

"They expect you to pay regularly for accommodation. It is not a charitable institution, but it is of great benefit to self-supporting girls who have no home."

"And you are now down to bedrock—that is, you are in danger of losing your room?"

"Yes. My week will be up on Monday next. I must get work somehow or——"

"Well, I'll help you out. I have no work for a stenographer, but if you will look after my office while I am out until you get a suitable position, I will pay you \$10 a week. You needn't report till eleven o'clock, and that will give you a chance to answer some of the advertisements you see in the paper. Those you answer by mail you can give your address as this office, and refer to us. It will probably help you. What do you say?"

"It is very kind of you. I accept your offer gladly," she said, giving him a grateful look.

"Very well. My name is Robert Sterett. There is one of my cards. You can start in and we will call this your first day. As you will need some money for your expenses, I will advance you \$5. You need not repay that till you get a steady position at your regular wages," said Bob, handing her a bill.

It was with some reluctance that she accepted the loan, and only when he insisted on her doing so.

"It is so kind of you to take an interest in me," she said. "I am very grateful to you."

"That's all right. I am glad to be of service to you, Miss Dale," said Bob. "I am going out now. Here is the afternoon paper. If anybody calls, get their name, and if possible their business with me, and tell them I will be back a little after three."

Bob then left his office in the girl's charge.

CHAPTER X.—Miss Dale Under Bob's Wing.

Bob went to the little bank and found Stewart there as he expected. He told him about the young lady he had befriended.

"You've got a soft heart, I see," said the veteran.

"I don't know how soft it is," said Bob, "but I won't let any one suffer if I can help it. The girl is in terrible hard luck. If she was put out of her room where in creation could she go? I think this Christian association ought to have a fund to provide for such cases. However, in this case, I'll see that the girl is protected till she is able to provide for herself. I owe it to the cause of humanity. A fellow who is as fortunate as I have been up to date is bound to do what he can for any one in need. I'd have a poor opinion of myself if I didn't."

"You certainly deserve your good luck," said Stewart.

"I hope I do. I'd have helped her out if I was next door to strapped myself. I could pull out somehow, while a girl would find it a hard job to save herself."

He then changed the subject to the market, the prospects of which were not particularly encouraging just then. While sitting in the waiting-

room at the bank it occurred to Bob that he might be able to get Miss Dale some typewriting to do to keep her employed at his office and give her a chance to make some extra money, which he was satisfied she needed. There were two tenants on that floor at least who sent their work upstairs to a public stenographer. When he went back to the building he called on one of the men and stated the girl's case.

"Can't you give her your work? She can take your dictation and then copy it off on a machine. I'll rent a machine for her to help her out," said Bob.

"Bring her in and I'll talk to her," said the gentleman.

Bob returned to his office and asked Miss Dale if anybody had called. She said nobody had. Then he told her about the gentleman on that floor who sent his work out and who wanted to see her about doing it for him. He took the girl to the office and introduced her. The gentleman questioned her about her ability, and finally said he'd give her a trial. She was to take his dictation and type it off in Bob's office. While she was in the gentleman's office Bob called on the other man and put the matter up to him too. He consented to help her out if she proved to be competent, so Bob brought her in and introduced her. Each of these parties agreed to pay her \$4 a week for doing their work.

"That will give you \$18 a week, Miss Dale," said Bob, when they got back to his office. "That ought to help you out."

"It wouldn't be fair for you to pay me \$10 for doing nothing, and let me do the gentleman's work in your office, too," she said.

"Pooh! As long as I can afford to do it, why need you worry about it?" he said. "I'll go and get you a machine now and have it delivered right away, so that you can start in with the gentlemen in the morning as arranged."

Miss Dale protested that he was doing too much for her, and insisted that he need not pay her anything for minding his office.

"I can do it in return for using your office," she said. "I am satisfied to earn \$8 for the present."

Bob wouldn't have it that way, and asked her what make of machine she used. Miss Dale told him, and he went off to get one. When he got back he found Stewart in the office talking to the young lady.

"The typewriter will be here in an hour, and so will the table," said Bob. "You can go home now and report at half-past nine."

The girl put on her hat and wrap, said good-afternoon, and went uptown feeling that Providence had been very good to her. Miss Dale was on hand at the hour designated and after leaving her hat and wrap in Bob's office she went to the office of the first gentleman who had engaged her services. Half an hour later she went to the second gentleman's office and took his dictation, after which she returned to Bob's room and let herself in with a key he had provided her with. Presently her nimble fingers were busy with her typewriter. Bob returned about half-past eleven and found several letters awaiting him. These were replies to his advertisement which he had inserted in two of the Wall Street papers representing himself as a broker. They came from

out-of-town people, asking information about various stocks. Bob called Miss Dale over and dictated replies which she afterward copied on her machine, and addressed envelopes for them. Soon afterward she carried her completed work to the offices of the two gentlemen, one of whom had some further dictation for her to take, while the other told her to report at two o'clock. When Saturday came Miss Dale collected from each of her gentlemen employers for half a week's services, and Bob also handed her \$5. Bob received a daily market letter from a brokerage firm in Goldfield. It kept him well informed concerning mining matters in that district, while the two Western papers he subscribed for gave him a pretty accurate idea of the entire mining industry in general. Something he saw in one of the papers on Saturday induced him to call Stewart's attention to the prospects of a certain mine in Bullfrog, Nevada.

"I'm going to buy a few thousand shares of the Red Demon if I can get it," he said.

"Count me in if there's any left over," said the veteran.

Bob went down on the Curb and inquired for the stock.

"Want any?" asked a broker.

"Yes."

"How many shares? I've got 10,000 at my office."

"What are you asking for them?"

"Five cents."

"I'll take them, and 10,000 more if you can pick them up."

"All right," said the broker.

Bob handed him \$1,000 and took a memorandum. When he went back to the office he found a letter there from Farmer Wheat, inclosing a draft for \$2,000, with instructions for Bob to invest it to the best advantage. A second letter had two postal orders for \$50 each from a Long Island man who directed him to buy ten shares of a certain stock on margin. A third letter had a draft for \$500, and contained orders that Bob was to buy 50 shares of a certain other stock. Bob made a note of his three orders in his book and went out to cash the money orders and drafts.

He then dropped in at a broker's he knew, told him he was taking orders for the purchase and sale of stocks on commission, and offered to send all his business to him for half the commission on the orders. The broker, whose name was Sedgeley, agreed, and Bob returned to his office. Stewart was in charge of the room.

"After this you are to become a customer of mine, Mr. Stewart, if you don't mind. I can make something out of the commission we have both been paying to the little bank, and I guess it's right I should," said Bob.

"I agree with you," said the veteran. "If you can make anything out of my deals, I shall be glad to have you do so."

While they were speaking the mining broker's messenger came in with a note to Bob telling him that the 20,000 shares of Red Demon had been bought, and asking him if he wanted any more. Bob sent him word to buy 10,000 more, or any part of that number, for Stewart. The veteran handed him \$500 and Bob put the order in his book and handed the money to the messenger to take back with the order. When Bob started to

dictate a reply to Farmer Wheat's letter, Miss Dale uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What's the matter, Miss Dale?" he asked.

"This man is my uncle," she said.

"The dickens he is!" exclaimed Bob, in surprise.

Then like a flash he remembered what Phil Sketchley had told him about his aunt who had eloped with an artist named Dale.

"Was your father an artist?" he asked the girl.

"Yes; how did you guess that?"

He told her how he had learned the fact through a cousin of hers while he was spending his vacation on Farmer Wheat's farm during the preceding summer.

"Mr. Wheat is a prosperous farmer and a nice man. I am sure he will be glad to acknowledge you as his niece."

"I don't know," she replied doubtfully. "My mother always believed that her brother never forgave her for marrying my father."

"I think it is more likely that your mother never gave him the chance. I dare say he lost all track of your mother and could not communicate with her."

"He could have found us if he came to New York and looked us up."

"Well, have you any objection to my telling Mr. Wheat about you, and explaining that you are working for me?"

"No, if you want to do it. You have been so good to me that I would not think of objecting to anything you thought was right."

"I think it will be for your interest, Miss Dale. Farmer Wheat has shipped his nephew because he proved dishonest. That leaves him without any near kin to consider in his old age, except you of whose existence he is ignorant. I would not be surprised if he welcomed your turning up with satisfaction, and offered you a home on the farm and the prospect of becoming his heiress."

"I don't think I'd care to live on a farm. I am accustomed to city life, and I would feel strange in the country."

"But if it was for your interest, you'd go. You wouldn't have to work any more for your living, and ultimately you might come in for all Mr. Wheat's property, which is considerable."

"I will do just as you say, Mr. Sterett," she replied.

"I am glad you have confidence in me, Miss Dale. I assure you that I take a great deal of interest in you, and would be glad to better your condition in life, though I'll admit that I would hate to lose you from the office. The room seems all the brighter for your presence, and considering the circumstances under which we met, I hardly think I could take the same interest in another girl."

"You have been a good friend to me, and I shall never forget you as long as I live," she replied earnestly.

"I intended to do the best I could by you, but your uncle will doubtless take my place, and do much more for you than I could. It will be quite a satisfaction for me if I make an heiress of you, and I guess I will, for I'm too lucky to lose in anything I undertake. I guess you feel that you were fortunate in meeting with me."

"I was, indeed," she replied.

Bob first dictated the business part of his letter to Farmer Wheat, and then he proceeded to introduce Miss Dale, as the only child of his sister who had married Artist Dale. He said the girl was entirely without friends in New York, excepting himself, and dependent on her own efforts as a stenographer for a living.

"She is now employed in my office a part of her time, and by two other parties in the building also. If you care to communicate with her, address her, 'Miss Nellie Dale,' care of my office, and she will get your letter."

As Bob finished, the door opened and Phil Sketchley walked in.

CHAPTER XI.—Farmer Wheat Meets His Niece.

Bob was not particularly pleased to see the young man, but he did not show his feelings.

"Well, Sketchley, what can I do for you?" he said.

Phil looked at Nellie Dale, and seemed struck by her pretty face.

"I thought I'd come up and see you," said Phil, in an off-hand way.

"Well, I've got no time to talk with anybody except on business," said Bob.

"I thought I'd let you know I'd made \$275 out of the market."

"You've done better than I thought you would. Take my advice and quit while you're ahead of the game."

"Why do you always try to discourage me? I want to make a living as well as yourself."

"I don't think you'll ever make it by speculating in the stock market."

"Do you know anything you could stack me up against?"

"Go down on the Curb and buy Red Demon mining shares, if you can get them. They are going at a nickel. They may go up to ten or fifteen cents in a week."

"Are you in on that?"

"I am. And if you want to be you'd better lose no time about it. That's all the time I can give you now, as I'm busy," said Bob.

Sketchley took the hint, said good-by, and left.

"You noticed that young man who was in here, Miss Dale?" said Bob.

"Yes."

"Well, that's your cousin, Phil Sketchley."

"My cousin!" she exclaimed, not a little astonished.

"Yes. I didn't introduce you to him because I don't think he ought to know you. In my opinion he is not a suitable acquaintance for you. You will pardon me for taking the liberty of deciding the matter, but I know him and you don't. His uncle, Mr. Wheat, and yours, has turned him loose because he couldn't trust him. The reason is because he helped himself to \$1,000 of Mr. Wheat's money, without his uncle's permission. He is speculating in Wall Street with that money, and if he doesn't lose every cent of it before summer comes I shall be much surprised."

"I am glad you didn't introduce me. I can't

say that I like his face much," said the stenographer.

Later on Bob mailed the letter to Farmer Wheat. We venture to say that the farmer was quite astonished when he received it. His visit to New York with his nephew was partly for the purpose of looking up his sister, whom he supposed to be fairly well fixed, at least, because he had never heard from her since her marriage. Now he was grieved to learn that both she and her husband were dead and had left a daughter who was compelled to work for her living. He determined to go to New York at once, see his niece, and offer her a home on the farm. So three days after Bob sent the letter, Farmer Wheat appeared at his office. Bob was in at the time and gave him a hearty welcome. Nellie Dale was out taking dictation.

"I've come to get acquainted with my niece, whom you wrote me about, Mr. Sterett," said Farmer Wheat.

"She is attending to work in another office at present," said Bob, "but she'll be in shortly. She is a nice girl, sweet and modest, and you're bound to take to her."

"I'm glad to hear that. I was afraid she might be one of those highfalutin young ladies who think of nothing but dress and putting on style."

"No, she's quite the opposite of that."

"How came you to learn she was my niece?"

"When I met her first about two weeks ago she told me that she had only one relative in the world and that was an uncle she had never seen, and who took no interest in her. She didn't mention your name, so I did not dream she referred to you. After I got your letter, containing the draft and order for me to invest the money according to my own judgment, which I haven't yet done, I began to dictate to the young lady a letter of acknowledgment to you. When she heard me mention your name and address she was surprised, and told me that you were her uncle. That led to my questioning her about the matter. I had an idea you would be glad to know that you had a niece, and, judging it would be to her advantage to bring you both together, I wrote the letter you received," said Bob.

"I'm glad you did, Mr. Sterett. If she is the right kind of girl it will be to her advantage. Since I have dropped my nephew out of my thoughts I have nobody near to me to provide for in my will. Since my sister, the girl's mother, is dead, I shall be glad to do the right thing by her daughter."

In the course of fifteen minutes Nellie Dale came in, and then Bob introduced uncle and niece. Farmer Wheat was quite taken with his relative, and he finally asked her how she would like to make her home at his farm. Nellie looked at Bob before replying, and then said she didn't know whether she would like to live in the country, or not.

"I'm so accustomed to city life that it would be a great change for me," she said. "Mr. Sterett is very good to me, and I think I would prefer to stay here and work for him. Still, if Mr. Sterett thinks I had better go with you, and you really want me to, I will do so."

After some talk it was decided to give the girl a week or two to think it over. Bob said that

perhaps it would be better to let her stay in the city till the spring, as the country was at its worst in the winter. He guaranteed to look out for her in the meanwhile, and he guessed the farmer wouldn't lose anything by the delay. Nellie said that Bob's proposal pleased her better than going on the farm at once, so the matter was arranged that way. Mr. Wheat remained several days in New York, saw his niece every day, and when he started back for the farm he gave the girl \$100 to buy new clothes and other things she might need. About the time the farmer left, Red Demon mining stock jumped up to 20 cents a share on the strength of fresh ore discoveries in the mine. Bob sold out his own and the veteran's share at a profit of \$3,000 for himself, and half that for Stewart. The old man had now acquired \$2,600, and he felt like a lord. Bob still had Farmer Wheat's money in his safe. Some days later he placed it in A. & B. at 102. He also bought 1,000 for himself, and Stewart bought 150. Bob's advertisement in the papers brought him so many inquiries now that he got up a daily market letter to send to his correspondents. The typing of this gave Nellie Dale enough work to keep her hands full in connection with her other work. Christmas being at hand, Farmer Wheat sent a letter to Bob and another to his niece, inviting them both to spend the holiday week at his farm. Bob advised Nellie to accept, in which case he would go with her.

"I will leave the office in charge of Mr. Stewart. He'll look after things while we are away," he said.

Whatever Bob said went with Miss Dale, so each wrote a letter of acceptance to Farmer Wheat, saying they would come on together on the afternoon of the day before Christmas. A. & B. having gone up five points, Bob ordered his, Stewart's and Farmer Wheat's stock sold. He added \$5,000 to his capital, and the farmer's winnings amounted to \$1,000. Bob's capital now amounted to \$23,000, and he had made all but \$500 of it since he started out speculating in the stock market as a business. The young speculator and broker had heard nothing from Sketchley since he made his last call at the office, and left to buy Red Demon shares at Bob's prompting.

The fact was Phil managed to make a rake-off out of the mining stock, and feeling so good over the fact, he quit Wall Street for a while and proceeded to enjoy himself about the Tenderloin district, where he found many traps spread for just such chaps as himself. Stewart promised to attend to the office while Bob was away at the Wheat farm with Miss Dale, and so immediately after an early lunch on the day before Christmas the young speculator and the stenographer started for Sullivan County by the West Shore Railroad. The farmer was at the station with his carriage when the train reached the village, and gave them a warm welcome. During the drive Bob told Farmer Wheat that the deal in which he had invested his money had realized \$1,000 profit for him, and he had brought the money with him.

"That's \$2,000 you've won for me," said the farmer. "You're the kind of broker to have."

"Sure," laughed Bob; "I'm too lucky to lose."

CHAPTER XII.—The Man in the Woods.

There was no snow on the ground, but the country looked bare, and its wintry aspect did not commend it to Nellie, who was unaccustomed to the agricultural districts. Her whole life had been passed in Brooklyn and Manhattan, and the difference was very perceptible to her. Christmas morning opened with leaden skies and a flurry of snow, but no storm followed, as was expected, and Bob took Nellie out for a walk around the farm. It was the first social walk she had ever taken with her young employer, and it had a special interest for her, aside from the new sights she was brought in contact with. Bob, on his part, particularly enjoyed that stroll, for he had come to think a lot of the girl, and it was probable that he showed it, and she saw it. At any rate, they both enjoyed the walk very much indeed, and Bob extended it to the woods, which he had often visited during his previous summer visit. Bob led the girl down into what was a shady dell in the summer. Here stood a ramshackle hut which had been built there many years since for some purpose. It had no door, and one could see the sky in patches through the roof. As the young people came abreast of it they were confronted by a gaunt-looking man, attired in garments that might once have adorned a scarecrow. His hair was cropped close to his head, and a two-weeks' growth of beard did not improve his general look. The man eyed them both searchingly.

"You do not belong in these parts, do you?" he said, in a hollow tone. "You look to me as if you came from the city."

"That's right," replied Bob, watching him warily. "We are on a visit to this farm for the holidays."

"I thought so. Do you want to do me a favor? Do you want to save my life?" said the man.

"Save your life!" said Bob. "It doesn't seem to be in any particular danger that I can see. Are you ill?"

"No, but I am starving for a mouthful of food. I haven't eaten a thing in two days."

"That's easily remedied. All you have to do is to apply at the kitchen of yonder farm-house and you will be taken care of. Farmer Wheat wouldn't turn a dog from his door at any time, much less at Christmas," said Bob.

"I dare not venture there," said the man, in a despairing tone, "nor at any other house in this neighborhood."

"Dare not! Why not? What do you fear?"

"Will you bring me some food here—anything, even what is thrown to the dogs, and promise not to mention you have seen a man hiding in these woods?"

"Well, I promise, though I have my doubts about the prudence of it."

"And you will come alone?"

"Is this some trap you're laying for me?"

"No, I swear it isn't."

The man spoke with an earnestness that persuaded Bob to believe him.

"Very well, I'll come alone."

"I trust to your word. If you deceive me, I shall kill myself before—"

"Kill yourself!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes. You see, I am prepared to do it."

He drew from underneath his rags a revolver. Nellie uttered a low cry and made a move to step in front of her escort. Bob caught her around the waist and pulled her back. He perceived that her purpose was to protect him, and like a flash he saw that the girl would have run the risk of a bullet for his sake.

"Put up your gun," said the boy sharply; "don't you see it frightens the young lady?"

The man obeyed.

"You must have some powerful reason for your actions," said Bob.

"I have. Perhaps I will tell you when you come back with the food."

"Well," said Bob, after a pause, "I'll bring you the food under the conditions you lay down; but if there is trickery in this——"

"There is none. I swear it before Heaven this Christmas day."

"Come, Nellie, we will go."

They turned and walked away from the spot in silence.

"You will bring me food?" the man cried after them.

"Yes," replied Bob.

It was some moments before Bob spoke.

"Nellie, what made you try to get in front of me when that fellow drew his gun? Was it because you were willing to risk your life for my sake?" he said.

The girl said nothing, but Bob felt her arm, which he had hold of, tremble. Her manner seemed to imply that she was not displeased, so he took courage and went further.

"Do you love me, Nellie? Yes or no?"

She flashed him one look, then with a fluttering "Yes," she hid her face on his shoulder.

CHAPTER XIII.—Phil's father.

"I don't want you to go," said Nellie, twenty minutes later, when Bob took a small basket of food from the housekeeper for a man he said he had found starving in the woods, and started for the door.

"Nonsense, little girl; nothing will happen to me," said Bob cheerfully.

At length he broke away and started off across the yard with the basket, and she stood and watched him as he passed through a gate and took his way over the meadow to the woods into which he vanished. When Bob reached the little dell again he saw no sign of the man.

"Hello! Where are you?" he shouted.

In a moment or two a face peered out from a clump of bushes near the hut and Bob recognized the man.

"Are you alone?" the fellow asked cautiously.

"Yes."

"You brought the food. Give it to me," he said, issuing from the bushes and advancing with a greedy eye fixed on the basket. Bob handed it to him. He tore off the paper that covered it, and seizing a piece of meat and bread began devouring it like a famished animal.

"You've given me a new lease of life, young man, and I'm everlastingly obliged to you," he said.

"Glad to hear it; now perhaps you'll tell me why you are hiding there in the woods?" said the young Wall Street speculator.

"I'd rather not. I intend to leave as soon as I can. I depend on you and the young lady not to mention that you've seen me."

"What have you been doing? Trying to rob a farm-house hereabouts?"

"No, I haven't!" snapped the man. "Do you take me for a professional crook?"

"I thought probably you were. You haven't killed anybody, have you?"

"Why do you think that?"

"I merely asked you. You have some strong reason for keeping shady, and that is a very good one, as you say you haven't committed a robbery."

"I'm not a murderer. I never drew a weapon on a man in my life."

"Then what have you done?"

"Will you promise to keep quiet about having met me if I tell you?"

Bob hesitated, but finally said yes.

"Six years ago I was arrested and convicted of stealing money from the firm I worked for. I was their bookkeeper and cashier."

"What has that to do with your present situation?"

"Everything."

"How?"

"I was sent to the State prison for ten years."

"Ten years?"

"Yes. Ordinarily the rebate-brings that down to six years and eight months."

"I see. How did you get out before your time was finished?"

"I escaped."

"Oh!"

"A few days before I broke out of prison a man was brought there to serve a year for stealing a side of beef from a refrigerating car belonging to one of the big packing companies," went on the fugitive. "The crime was committed two weeks before. It didn't take long for the authorities to send him up. On the day he arrived I saw in a daily paper in the library the particulars of the case brought by the Government against the Beef Trust, a much more extensive lawbreaker than the man who stole a few dollars worth of beef. The case against the trust has been pending in the courts longer than I've been in prison, and has progressed far enough in that time for the defendant to plead 'Not guilty.' Do you call that a fair deal all around? No, the world ain't run fairly, as I said before."

"Very likely it isn't, but the fact that the officials of the Beef Trust are not yet convicted doesn't excuse the man for stealing the piece of beef."

"Bah! Wait till you get older and the trusts tread on your toes, you'll think differently."

"We won't argue the matter. What do you think your chance is of reaching the place you're bound for?"

"If I had a dollar or two, it would be pretty good."

"Why don't you hold me up with that gun you have and go through me?" said Bob, in a jesting tone.

"Because I'm not committing any more crimes if I can help myself."

"But you meditate suicide in case you're cornered—that's a crime, punishable in the next world if not in this."

"Have you got any money about you?"

"I have."

"Will you lend me two dollars?"

"Give you two dollars, you mean."

"Well, I suppose so."

"If I did that, I would lay myself open to prosecution for aiding and abetting the escape of a convict."

"Who'd know it?"

"Say, who are you? What's your name?"

"Give me two dollars and promise to keep it to yourself and I'll tell you."

"No, I won't give you a cent; but here is a \$5 bill I'm going to put in that hole of that oak tree for the birds to build a nest with next spring, if they find it there," and Bob suited the action to the word. "Now you can answer my question or not, as you choose. In any case, we part now, for it is getting on to dinner time and I can almost smell the turkey out here."

Bob picked up the basket and looked at the man.

"I might tell you that my name is John Smith and you wouldn't know the difference, but as you brought me the food and are giving me a lift on my road indirectly, I'll treat you fair. My name is George Sketchley."

Bob almost dropped the basket, so great was his surprise. This man, then, was Phil's father and Farmer Wheat's brother-in-law. And here he was a fugitive from justice on the farm on Christmas Day. It certainly was an odd happening.

CHAPTER XIV.—Back Again in Wall Street.

So you are George Sketchley, the father of Phil Sketchley, who was provided for by his uncle, Amos Wheat, the owner of this farm, after you were sent to prison?"

The convict uttered an exclamation.

"Is my son here on this farm?" he cried, in some excitement.

"No. This was his home until about a month ago."

"He went away, then? Where?"

"New York City."

"Did Wheat set him up in business?"

"No."

"Why did he leave this place, then, if it was his home?"

"He got tired of farming," replied Bob, who did not want to tell Phil's father the truth.

"He was a fool!" cried George Sketchley angrily. "He left, I suppose, against Wheat's wishes. He is liable to lose a good thing, for he was the only relative the old man had. He should have feathered his nest while he had the chance."

"You are wrong about his being the only relative Mr. Wheat has."

"Oh, yes; I remember; he has another sister, who ran away with a painter. But I guess she doesn't count any more with Wheat."

"She is dead."

"Is she? Then maybe Phil has a chance yet."

"I'm afraid not. The young lady you saw here a while ago is her daughter, and Mr. Wheat is interested in her."

"That settles it. Phil has killed his chances by leaving here. Serves him right. I have no sympathy for him," said Sketchley, angrily.

Evidently there was little love lost between father and son.

"Well, Mr. Sketchley, I must go. I promise you I will say nothing to anybody about you, and Miss Dale, the young lady who saw you, will not speak, either. I wish you luck and hope you reach your destination, for it will go hard with you if you are caught and taken to prison," said Bob.

"One moment, young man. You have behaved very decently toward me, and I am grateful to you. I should like to know your name."

"My name is Robert Sterett."

"Of New York?"

"Yes."

"I'll remember you as one who has done me a good turn. If I ultimately make my escape I'll give you the credit for it. If I don't escape—well, they won't take me back to prison. You can depend on that. Good-by."

"Hadn't you better remain here till it is dark? I'll bring you some dinner in a couple of hours and leave the basket in that hut. What do you say?"

"And you won't say a word about me?" said Sketchley, looking hard at Bob.

"I have already promised that."

"Very well. I'll wait. If you don't see me, leave the basket in the hut and I will get it."

"Good-by," said Bob, who then walked away.

He found Nellie in the yard anxiously awaiting his return. She had grown very nervous over the length of time he had been away. She was greatly relieved when she saw him coming across the field, and she welcomed his approach with a happy smile. With womanly curiosity she wanted to know what had taken place between him and the disreputable scarecrow, but Bob put her off and began talking about something else. Half an hour after dinner Bob secured some of the remains of the turkey, bread and butter, and half of a mince pie, together with another jug of milk. With these in the basket he visited the woods again. Sketchley was not in sight. Bob did not shout for him this time, but left the basket in the hut and returned to the house. Next day when he went to the woods again in company with Nellie he found the basket empty, which showed that the escaped convict had enjoyed a cold Christmas dinner through the kindness of the boy speculator. Later in the day two officers from Auburn penitentiary called at the farm to learn if the escaped prisoner had been seen there. This was the first intimation Amos Wheat had that George Sketchley, his brother-in-law, had broken out of prison. He had no knowledge that the man had been in the neighborhood, and told the officers so. Bob, being a visitor at the farm, was not interviewed, much to his satisfaction, and the officers went on to the next farmhouse. We may as well say here that George Sketchley was not recaptured. He made his way to New York, found a chance to work his way on a schooner to Cuba, and from there subsequently went on to a

South American port where his safety was assured. When Bob and Nellie got back to Wall Street on the day after New Year's, the young speculator and broker found that Stewart had conducted matters in a perfectly satisfactory way during his short absence.

"D. & J. had a short boom during the week," he told Bob, "and I was tempted to go into it, but after some deliberation I decided not to work independently of you. It was lucky for me that I kept out of it, for it suddenly slumped when everybody was looking to see it go higher, and I would have lost money had I gone into it. Nothing else of importance took place in the market while you were away."

A few days afterward C. & A. began to advance, and Bob thought it looked like a safe proposition, so he bought 1,000 and took Stewart's order for 150 at 75. While he was sitting in his office, Phil Sketchley came in. He was not quite as chipper as previously, and he admitted that he had lost a considerable part of his money on D. & J.

"Did you hear that your father escaped from Auburn prison?" asked Bob.

"No. Did he?"

"He did. I spent Christmas week with your uncle on the farm, and I met your father hiding in the woods back of the house."

"The deuce you did. How did you know him?" asked Phil.

"He told me his name. I told him you had been living on the farm for the last six years, but that you had come to New York, for you were tired of the country."

"Did you tell him I took that \$1,000?"

"No. Why should I? It wasn't to your credit."

"Was he captured and taken back to prison?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Did he tell you how he escaped?"

"No."

"How did he look?"

"Pretty tough. He had got rid of his prison clothes and had found a ragged suit somewhere which he was wearing."

"Where was he heading for?"

"He didn't tell me."

"What did the old man say about his hanging around the farm?"

"Mr. Wheat? He doesn't know he was there."

"How came you to meet my old man?"

Bob explained how he had met Sketchley, Sr., but he said nothing about Miss Dale being with him, for he knew that would call for an additional explanation that he did not care to make. Phil, after exhausting the subject of his father, wanted Bob to give him a tip on the market.

"I haven't any tip. No one has given me such a thing since I've been in Wall Street. However, I don't mind suggesting that you buy C. & A. It is going up."

"Are you in on it?"

"I'm not saying whether I am or not."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't believe in telling people about my private business."

As Phil showed no inclination to take his departure, Bob had to tell him to go, as he was busy.

"Where is that pretty typewriter you had here the last time I called?" Phil said, as he got up.

"She's out just now."

"You must be making money to be able to hire a girl."

Bob made no reply, but turned to his desk and took up a letter from a correspondent.

"Good-by," said Phil, moving toward the door.

"Good-by," said Bob.

In a few days C. & A. got up to 80, and then Bob sold out, making \$5,000. He was now worth close on to \$30,000, and his streak of luck appeared to be as strong as ever.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Bob's advertisement, coupled with his market letter, brought him more business each week, and he seemed in a fair way of establishing quite a large mail-order connection with out-of-town correspondents. He now called twice a week at the Y. W. C. A. and took Nellie out either for a walk or to some place of amusement.

"I shall miss you more than I can tell you, dear, when you go to live with your uncle this summer," he said one night.

"But I don't want to go," she said. "I don't want to leave you."

"Your uncle expects you to go to the farm, and he plans to keep you there right along. It will be to your interest to fall in with his views. I hate to lose you, but I don't see how things can be altered. We will have to do our love-making through the mail, and that isn't half as good as the way we are doing it now."

Next morning when Bob took a walk down to the Curb he found some excitement going on there. Asking a trader what was on the tapis, he was told that a Death Valley mine, of hitherto no great importance, called the Piute Consolidated, had suddenly turned out a winner under its new management.

"You don't mean it!" cried Bob, not a little excited himself. "Why, I've got 20,000 shares of that stock stowed away in my safe."

"The deuce you have!" cried the trader.

"Yes. I bought it of one of the original stockholders who was hard up for funds just before I went into business for myself."

"Want to sell it?"

"What will you give for it?"

"Fifteen cents a share."

That represented \$3,000 for the whole block, for which Bob had paid only \$50. Such a profit as that was phenomenal, but, nevertheless, the young speculator declined to part with the stock. If the Curb trader was willing to give fifteen cents a share for it, the chances were it was worth more than that, and so Bob decided to hold on to it. He didn't need the money, anyway.

"When did the news reach the Street?" he asked the trader.

"About twenty minutes ago, and everybody is looking for Piute now."

"Is there much around?"

"Not a whole lot, I guess. At any rate, none has turned up yet. You're the first person I've seen who has any of it."

"The news will have to get around before much of it comes to the surface, as the bulk of it is probably held by outside investors who bought when the mine was originally being promoted," said Bob.

At that moment Bob remembered that Broker Crosby, on his floor, had offered him 10,000 shares of Piute Consolidated when he first went in business at five cents a share, at a time when the stock had no market to speak of. He wondered if Crosby had heard the news. If he hadn't, Bob saw the chance to get the stock at bargain rates, and thus capture an additional profit through the discovery. He left the Curb and hurried back to his office building. Getting the list of mining shares Crosby had left with him, he entered that trader's office. Crosby had just come downtown and was taking off his overcoat when Bob was announced.

"Say, Mr. Crosby, you've got some Piute Consolidated, haven't you?" said the young broker.

"Piute Consolidated," replied the trader, who did not keep track of his comparatively worthless bunch of mining shares, among which he reckoned the mine in question; "is it on that list I left with you?"

"Yes; 10,000 shares."

"Then I guess I have it yet. Want some of it?"

"I'll take what you have got if you'll sell it cheap enough."

"What did I offer it to you for?"

"Five cents, which was more than it was worth."

"You can have it for three cents, spot cash."

"I'll take it," cried Bob quietly.

The broker kept the mining stock in his private safe, at the back part of it, and he got the bundle out, looked it over, and picked out the Piute Consolidated certificates.

"There you are. Hand over \$300 and take them away," said Crosby.

Bob paid the money down and shoved the certificates in his pocket.

As he started to leave, Crosby's cashier came in.

"Anything new this morning, Bennett?" Bob heard the broker ask his man.

"There is something doing, I understand, on the Curb with Piute Consolidated," replied the cashier. "Tom told me about it when he came in a few minutes ago."

Tom was the office messenger. Bob hustled out and made for his own office. He judged that Crosby would have a fit when he discovered that he had sold a good thing for a low price, much below its suddenly inflated value. He shoved the certificates into his safe and started away again in order to avoid an interview with the broker. Stewart was in the office at the time, and Bob told him to stay there till Miss Dale returned. Bob went straight to the Curb to watch how Piute Consolidated was getting on. Twenty-five cents was now being freely offered for it. That made the 10,000 shares for which he had paid \$350 worth \$7,500. In a little while he saw Crosby coming along. He didn't look very pleasant.

What his feelings were when he found that Piute Consolidated was ruling at 25 cents, and

that he could have sold every bit of the 10,000 shares at that price, we cannot pretend to say. He felt that the boy trader had done him out of over \$2,000 by getting the stock away from him before he heard the news of what had transpired in the mine. As the transaction was a perfectly legitimate one, he could not do anything but admit that the boy had showed his smartness in a very signal way. News came from Jersey City that 30 cents was being offered there for Piute Con., so the price advanced to that on the Curb. As the day advanced and the news spread about, and was published in the papers, people holding shares of the stock flocked to Wall Street to realize on what they had counted on as a bad investment. In this way probably 40,000 shares of the stock got on the market that day.

That afternoon Crosby caught Bob in his office and gave him a raking over the deal, but the boy told him that it was merely a case where the early bird had captured the worm. Next day Piute Con. went up to 35, and as it showed little signs of going much higher just then, Bob sold 10,000 shares at that price. During the following week he sold 10,000 more at 40. The balance he held on to even when it went to 50. His capital now amounted to \$40,000. By the time summer came around again he was worth \$75,000, and his mail-order business had grown so big that Nellie had to give her whole attention to his work. He had also picked up a lot of city customers, chiefly through the good offices of Stewart, who was now worth about \$10,000, and as he was sensible that he owed all his good fortune to Bob, he felt he couldn't do too much for him in return.

Finally the time came around when Farmer Wheat wrote to Nellie and asked her to come and live with him on the farm, promising to make her his heiress. The girl told him she would come, and one day Bob took her up to Sullivan County. Before he returned he told the farmer that he and Nellie were engaged, and that he hoped Mr. Wheat would interpose no objections to their ultimate marriage. The farmer said he was delighted to hear it, as Bob was just the kind of a husband he would wish for his niece, and so matters in that respect were adjusted to the complete satisfaction of the two young people.

Next week's issue will contain "THE STOLEN CHART; or, THE TREASURE OF THE CATARACT."

EXPENDITURE OF AMMUNITION IN FLANDERS

The final report of Sir Douglas Haig includes some amazing figures of ammunition expenditure in Flanders. In the opening attack, in 1917, the total expenditure on July 31st exceeded 23,000 tons; and on the two days, September 20 and 21, 42,000 tons were expended. From the commencement of the British offensive in 1918 to the conclusion of the Armistice 700,000 tons of artillery ammunition were expended by the British Army on the Western front, while in the three days of crucial battle on the 27th, 28th and 29th of September, nearly 65,000 tons of ammunition were fired by their artillery.

CURRENT NEWS

JAPAN'S SEAWEED PULP INDUSTRY

That the manufacture of paper pulp from seaweed is proving a profitable undertaking seems evidenced by the fact, reported by Consul General George H. Scidmore, that the only company manufacturing this pulp is building another factory. This concern was organized in December, 1919, and is producing, by a secret process, about 50 tons of pulp daily, which is largely used in the composition of cigarette paper. The new plant when completed will have a daily capacity of 150 tons of pulp. The present price is about 5 cents a pound.

BOTTOM DROPPED OUT OF DEEGAN'S PASTURE

Twenty-five acres of Charles Deegan's farm, near Burke, S. Dak., suddenly sank thirty feet one night, recently, and where once his best pasture lay he has nothing but a lot of not very beautiful scenery. It dropped straight downward, leaving here and there pinnacles ten feet in diameter and thirty feet high. Geologists say that the land was probably supported in the past by a subterranean lake that has been emptied in some mysterious manner. They base this on the fact that a number of low-lying surface ponds and lakes have lately filled up.

The sunken piece was the favorite part of the pasture, and the night before the big drop the cattle that usually occupied it refused to leave the shelter of the farm buildings, bellowing mightily and running back every time they were driven to that corner of the field.

The Deegan farm contains a deep protected canyon in which there are boiling springs, and flowers bloom in the canyon all the year and the grass is always green. Five years ago the birds discovered in it an ideal winter resort, and since then thousands of them save the long Southern hike and nest there in their steam-heated apartments.

PAPER CLOTHES

Having solved the problem of the cost of men's suits, Germany is giving England the benefit of her knowledge. Result: one suit for 60 cents, a suit a week for a year for \$31.20. There is only one drawback to this approach to the millennium. They are made of paper.

Quantities of these suits are said to have been ordered from Amsterdam by English wholesale firms. One concern, which has received its first consignment, has bought 40,000 and 10,000 were shipped to India last week.

Several varieties have come over so far. There are morning suits, with black coats and striped trousers, blue "serge" business suits, and a number of patterns of black, white and mixed checks. Dark gray overcoats and boys' sailor suits are also being imported.

Two enterprising newspaper reporters have given the paper clothes a trial. One walked along the Thames embankment in a rainstorm. The bottoms of the trousers soon were splashed with mud and water, which made the beautiful colored

check design "run" beyond all recognition. When he put his hands into the trousers pockets he found the material so stiff the coat was lifted off his shoulders.

Both men applied the fire test to the suits, which refused to burn, but smouldered with noisome fumes.

Neither attracted much attention though they walked along fashionable streets, visited the House of Commons and ate in a restaurant.

The suits are advertised as made of the "best class of paper texture." Rain had little effect on them outside of spoiling the colored pattern.

The "cloth" of which they are made has a hard, shiny appearance something like that of brown wrapping paper and the texture is that of fine, closely woven sacking. The cut and fit of the suits leave considerable to be desired unless the wearer has one of those perfect store model figures on which they are cut.

However, after the expected chorus of contemptuous merriment over the suits has run its course, it is believed there will be a considerable demand for them from men who are more concerned with price than style and who might rather pay 60 cents for a suit every week or two than from \$50 to \$150 a year for the real cloth kind.

GIRL SAVES PREACHER

Miss Frances B. Holstein, a student at the University of Illinois, earned her scholarship and a Carnegie Medal by methods quite out of the ordinary. She saved the life of Rev. Benjamin W. Soper, pastor of a small church in Florida, by quick thought and action after he had been bitten in the ankle by a large rattlesnake, one of the lazy, highly venomous type so frequently met with in Florida.

Miss Holstein was one of a party which included the Rev. Mr. Soper, Bishop Cameron Mann of the Episcopal Diocese of Florida, and others who were enjoying a picnic near Cocanut Grove. The Rev. Mr. Soper was bringing a pail of water from an adjacent spring when he was struck by the rattlesnake. Bishop Mann immediately killed the snake, but Miss Holstein gave her attention to the wounded man, whose ankle was swelling enormously. She tore up her skirt and made a tourniquet, borrowed a penknife and slashed the wounds left by the rattler's fangs until they bled freely and then sucked out the poison.

"You took awful chances," friends told her, when she related the incident. "Had there been the slightest abrasion in the skin of your mouth you would have died miserably."

"I never gave that a thought," she replied. "There was nothing remarkable about it. I simply did what any one else would have done had he thought of it before I did."

Other members of the party brought the case to the attention of the Carnegie Medal officials and Miss Holstein was awarded a medal and a \$500 scholarship. She was given a choice of schools and decided to enter the University of Illinois.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

By Joe's advice they tied wet kerchiefs around their mouths and noses, Hawley joking the while to keep up the girl's courage.

"We must jerk off these cold water compresses before we put our heads outdoors yonder, or they'll freeze stiff. Gee! It's the first time water has felt good on my skin for many a day."

"You ridiculous boy!" she exclaimed, but her heart was full, knowing the real reason for Joe's unflinching fun-making.

As he led the way along this narrow shelf to the left, the temperature rose rapidly from the fires below, until the wet kerchiefs steamed in the human breath they drew.

Madge could feel a deadly heat rising up from a far-down, red glow that was like the fearful glare from the deep abysses which they had seen at the bottom of the active crater, when the vapors were whirled aside as they stood on that overhanging lip somewhere above.

Once she tottered outward, and the fumes of hot sulphur penetrated her wet kerchief.

"Oh, Joe! I——" she gasped.

"Steady. Don't look down or we are gone."

The boy's cool, steady tones, and the strong, gentle clasp by which he steadied her finally brought them to the wider shelf. The girl sank down panting. Then Hawley made a discovery.

"Goodness! Madge, I have left my pack back yonder where I laid it down. Wait here a minute."

"Don't go back, Joe!" she almost shrieked.

But without heeding the plucky youth sidled nimbly back to where the precious pack still lay, while Madge watched him with starting eyes. How easily he seemed to move, and how sure, yet swiftly he made the return passage.

"It is I that make you go slowly over these dangerous places," the girl owned to him frankly when he came to her again.

"And aren't you well worth slowing down for now and then?"

"But the risk to you is terrible, when you could go so much faster by yourself. I'm such a slow poke, anyhow."

Hawley fairly whooped with laughter, and his merry peal sounded strangely enough in that far away, deadly, unknown cavern.

"You beat the band, Madgy! Wouldn't I be in a bad shape, lost on Mount Erebus, and with no one to talk to. Who'd know how badly I'm scared, if you were not along?"

"I'm the scared one, Joe. You dear boy! Do you think I don't see how your nerve and your jokes in this dreadful place are saving me—against my own fears?"

"There, there, little girl. Don't cry. Take up

your own burden again, and we will see what there is outside of that ghostly looking hole ahead. Let us hope it is some way out of this oven."

CHAPTER XI.

"Save Me! I'm Falling!"

The lava shelf whereon the pair were then resting curved toward the right again and led them without further peril into the old seam they had traversed, but on the opposite side of the fiery crevice which had halted them at first.

"Look, Madge. Yonder is our outlet. The heat is already giving way to the outward cold. Take off your wet kerchief and stow it somewhere against your body so the moisture will dry. I will do the same with mine. Are we all right now?"

Hawley saw that the two packs which each bore were securely strapped to their backs, Madge's being the lightest of course.

As they drew near this strange opening a brilliant panorama of strange and unearthly lights blazed up across the far horizon.

While the two hurried forward, the rosy glow sparkled and widened until it seemed to approach the zenith.

"What can it mean?" exclaimed Madge, who, though she had seen something like it before, was awestruck with admiration. "Isn't it perfectly lovely. Oh, Joe! It can't be the 'northern lights'?"

"Northern lights, goosie! No; but it is what we called by that name way back in the States. It's the Aurora, all right, though I suppose we ought to term them 'southern lights' down here."

By this time they were close to the mouth of the seam, which was doubtless one of the explosive vents made in some former eruption of the great Antarctic volcano.

Hawley again consulted his chronometer and compass.

Allowing for the variation, they were on the polar side of Erebus and it was after midnight.

In this latitude and at the season then in force, the sun would doubtless have been visible but for a bluish gray haze hanging low over the distant mountains, that still barred the way toward the pole. It was a lower range, but it looked formidable in its ghastly white, silent stretch of outline. It seemed to bar this daring couple from further attempts.

Madge felt the weight of this, and Joe noticed the drawn, hopeless pallor on her face.

"I'll tell you what we both want," said he promptly. "And that is a bit of sleep. Come we'll eat a bite, then you must curl up in your bag and take forty winks—see?"

"I do believe I am tired. But you will rest, too, won't you, Joe?"

"Yes, of course. We'll eat, then I'll figure out my last reckoning while you lie down. After that I guess I will have a try at old Morpheus too."

"You silly joker! What would I do without you?"

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

AN ELECTRICAL SHOE-SHINE

Electricity, operating through the medium of the vacuum cleaner and the clothes-washing machine, threatens to put out of business the old-fashioned household worker so far as the matter of supplying elbow grease is concerned. Now the busy little motor is making gestures that indicate a desire to make an end to the business of polishing shoes by force of arm. An enterprising boot-black of 42nd Street, New York, has installed an electric machine that does this, and does it well. So we may expect that eventually the chap who smears blacking on his hands for the purpose of getting the proper fine finish on the shoes of his customers will do so no more, but will be able to carry to work and home again the most elegantly manicured of snow-white digits, if his fancy runs in that direction.

MOTION PICTURES FOR RECRUITING

A two-reel motion picture film entitled "Troops in the Canal Zone at Work and Play" has been prepared by The Adjutant General of the Army through the courtesy of Fox, International and Pathe News Weeklies. The footage is 1,875 feet. This film shows soldier life in tropics. The scenes include excellent views of the Army posts and their varied activities. Particular attention has been paid to recreational scenes, including dancing, boxing and swimming. The film also shows soldiers fishing for sharks and a very interesting crocodile hunt. Twenty-two prints have been secured and have been distributed to a number of recruiting stations for recruiting purposes.

THE SEVENTY-FIVE MILE GUN

We stated, in our issue of April 27, 1918, that the Germans were probably using one of their 15-inch naval guns with a subcaliber tube inserted to obtain the necessary length for the great range of seventy-five miles. It now appears that they did use several worn-out, 45-caliber, 15-inch naval guns. They screwed on to the muzzle of this great gun an additional outer tube forty-five feet in length, and then inserted a tube one hundred feet in length, which was bored and rifled to a bore of 8.2 inches. To the gun as thus assembled they added a smooth-bored twenty-foot section, the total length being 120 feet. This great length was adopted in order to keep down the powder pressure and the erosion. The guns, because of the inequalities in the powder were erratic, and it is believed that after fifty rounds they became so worn out as to be unusable.—Scientific American.

BIGGEST RADIO PLANT

The largest and most powerful wireless station in the world has just been completed near Bordeaux, France. It was begun by Americans according to American plans, and was half finished at the time of the armistice. Now it has passed into the hands of the French Government and will be used to send messages half way around the world.

The antennae are carried on eight metal towers

240 meters high and cover a space a kilometer and a half long and 400 meters across. Each tower, which is supported on three legs, weighs 550 tons, a quarter of the weight of the Eiffel Tower.

This Lafayette station, as it is called, uses an alternating current of 11,000 volts, with a frequency of fifty cycles, which can develop Hertzian waves 2,300 meters long. The distance at which messages can be picked up is estimated at 20,000 kilometers—about half the circumference of the earth.

STOLEN 18 YEARS AGO FINDS HER OLD HOME

Advices received from Blackstone, Va., said that Mrs. W. T. Rickard of Tonawanda, N. Y., had succeeded through her brothers and sisters there in establishing her identity as Lula Joyner, who in 1902, when five years old, was kidnapped from her home in Dinwiddie County, Va.

Mrs. Rickard was brought up as a child in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earle in the suburbs of New York City and was given the name of Zella Earle, under which she subsequently was married. She and her husband moved to Tonawanda, where she received anonymous letters informing her of her real name and where she was from. She started an investigation and with her two children went to Blackstone to establish her identity. She does not recall the details of her kidnapping.

At the time the girl disappeared, a neighbor of the Joyner family was arrested and narrowly escaped lynching. Citizens were so positive that he was guilty that a rope was actually placed about his neck.

NATIVES WEAR PLUMES OF BIRD OF PARADISE

New Guinea is the home of a large percentage of the world's birds of paradise, writes Niksah. The supply of these beautiful birds is fast falling. Not only do the women of Europe and America demand feathers for their bonnets, but the natives of New Guinea and surrounding islands make lavish use of the plumage as head dresses.

In New Guinea it is the man who affects bird-of-paradise decorations. The women, like the female bird of paradise, are inconspicuous in dull colors.

To obtain the much prized feathers the New Guinea natives set out for the forest, knowing that the bird of paradise seeks to conceal his rainbow hues in the dense foliage of the trees.

If they can find no haunt of the desired birds they start calling in excellent imitation of the shrill, ugly cry of the bird of paradise to its mate. This ruse is usually successful, and a bird shows itself only to be snared or shot down with arrows.

In mating season the male bird dances before the female he desires as a mate, to display his beautiful feathers, and at such a time so absorbed are the birds in their own affairs that large numbers are taken easily by the wily natives.

ADrift IN MID-OCEAN

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

The following tale was told me by a man now far advanced in years, and as I listened to the recital of his dreadful experience, I trembled with suppressed horror.

A late incident recalling the story, after lying dormant in my memory for some years, I determined to put it on paper.

"There were no steamers in those days," began Jerry McDonald, "and all those who wished to enjoy the blessing of the freedom of this glorious country were compelled to reach here after a long and tedious passage in packets.

"When I was a lad of nineteen, a long projected resolution to come to America was suddenly seized by my father with renewed energy. Our little farm was sold, as was also our horse, our cows, and—what every Irishman is supposed to have—our pigs.

"There were four of us, my father, mother, Mike, my brother, and myself. Passage was secured on the Fleetwing, a fast clipper built ship, sailing from Liverpool, with a load of grain and pig iron.

"We had been out of port about fourteen days, when indications appeared of a heavy storm.

"Night settled down, and the darkness was inky in character. So dense was it that we could not see how fierce were the clouds in appearance, as they slowly settled down; but when morning broke the black scene impressed each one on the vessel with a feeling of awe.

"Watching the captain carefully I could not fail seeing that he was uneasy in mind, for he restlessly paced the quarter deck to and fro, stopping now and anon to level his glass at a huge mass of inky clouds.

"Once the mate approached him and said something in a low tone, the import of which I failed to catch, but I heard the captain's reply, which was:

"'Open the hatches at once, and order all the men below to secure cargo.'

"'To secure cargo,' I thought. 'Where and how can danger come from that quarter?'

"I soon was destined to learn.

"Half an hour had hardly more than passed, when the captain, who had been gazing like a statue to windward, suddenly became full of life and animation; calling the first officer he gave some hurried orders, saying, in conclusion:

"'Be lively now, for the storm will burst on us in a very few minutes.'

"Up from the hold the sailors swarmed, the hatches were battered down, and then at a word of command all hands mounted the rigging and began shortening sail with all possible speed.

"Finally I saw afar off, so far that it was barely visible, a long, low, white line; with a feeling of fascination I watched it closely, nor removed my gaze for a single instant.

"Closer and nearer it came, but I stood still and moved not until the captain laid his hand on my arm, saying:

"'It is not safe here; you had better go below.'

"I'd rather stay on deck,' I replied.

"'Very well, but don't get near the gunwale unless you want to be washed overboard.'

"Clasping hold of a rope, I watched and waited for the dread moment. It came very quickly. The huge mountain advanced with giant leaps, and striking the Fleetwing on the quarter, threw her violently forward and downward until her prow was fairly beneath the water. But gracefully as a duck the vessel recovered from the staggering effects of the heavy blow. The next instant the squall struck her, and, ye gods! how my young heart bounded in my breast! The wind whistled through the rigging, and the notes seemed those of howling demons. Wave after wave now began to break over us with inconceivable fury, and the faces of all began to grow pale.

"I heard the captain say: 'Never before did I meet such a gale; but we'll weather it if the cargo don't shift.'

"An hour passed and still we rode the waves; another, and then I noticed a queer heeling over in the vessel; the deck took a steep incline such as I had never before seen.

"'My!' cried the captain. 'It's all up, we will go to the bottom!'

"In less than a minute one of the wildest scenes of confusion ever enacted took place on the Fleetwing's deck.

"'Clear away the boats and get them ready for launching!' ordered the captain. 'Also take all the loose timber you can find and build several rafts.'

"Like madmen we all went to work, and swinging axes with a terrible desperation, hewed out pieces of timber for the rafts. Our work was being accompanied by continuous shocks as the heavy freightage of pig iron in the hold jammed against the vessel's side as each successive wave struck her.

"Rapidly we worked, for death was at our heels; each moment saw the vessel heel over further and further, until so steep was the incline of the deck that it was almost impossible to retain a foothold.

"'Come, father, mother, Mike,' I cried, and turning I led the way to the raft which I had helped to construct; the vessel was lurching heavily, and the captain cried:

"'Get away as quick as you can, for she will go down in a minute!'

"I had reached the raft and just stepped on it, when looking around I saw my relatives not more than ten feet away.

"'Hurry!' I cried.

"They hastened their steps, but too late, for quick as a stroke of lightning the vessel took one flying bound and then sank forever below the raft, and a few seconds later found myself above water; I turned quickly, but the vessel was gone; my parents and my brother were not to be seen.

"In agony, I cried aloud:

"'Mother—mother! where are you?'

"'Jerry—Jerry!' I heard above the howling of the tempest, and turning whence the cries came, I saw my mother's face for a single instant, then it disappeared forever.

"The waves tossed me about furiously, and but for a rope fastened to the raft, and to which I clung, I must have been swept away; clinging there, I heard a wail close by, and glancing up

saw a white, despairing face near me; I reached over and clasped the hand extended, and in a minute later it became my lot to rescue another poor unfortunate, and we three miserable beings clung to the rope and each other throughout that livelong day.

"With the approach of night the storm abated, and when morning dawned again the wind blew gently as a zephyr, and the sun arose in a cloudless sky.

"All day long we kept a lookout for the boats, but none did we see; their fate we knew not, yet dreaded the worst, and when night came three more miserable beings than we were could hardly exist.

"Morning broke once more, and fondly and long we scanned the horizon in search of relief: but no; the night shut us in once again without a vestige of anything to base the barest hope upon.

"Bill's eyes had become a blood-red, and had in them a look whose appearance made me shudder, when on several occasions I caught the bloody orbs fastened upon myself.

"Lying down on my back, with eyes closed, I heard a footfall approaching me, and glancing up, I saw, but several feet distant, Bill Salter, with a long knife in his hand, which he was about to plunge in my body!

"Instantly the full truth burst upon me; driven wild by hunger and thirst, he was going to murder me, and then banquet on my flesh!

"Sam Dicker was asleep by my side, and seizing him by the arm, I shouted:

"Sam—Sam! Save me! Don't let him murder me!"

"With a bound Sam was on his feet confronting the burly form of Bill, whose eyes were dancing in rage.

"What do you mean?" demanded Sam. "What were you about?"

"I was goin' to put this under his rib," replied Bill, flourishing his murderous-looking knife, "and I mean to do it yet," and he advanced a step.

"You mean skunk!" said Sam indignantly. "Would you then kill the lad?"

"Yes; some one's got to die for t'others, an' it might's well be him. We've got to have something to eat, so that's an end on't, and so get out of my way," and he attempted to brush Sam aside.

"Back!" cried my protector. "You can't touch that boy unless you kill me first!"

"Then I'll do that!" screamed the enraged Bill. "You haven't got any knife."

"No," interrupted Sam, "but I've got my fists," and as he spoke he planted one of them heavily in Bill's face.

"The men closed at once in a deadly struggle. I could do nothing but look on and pray that my champion would prove victorious. Bill swung his knife fiercely around, and buried it once or twice in Sam's shoulder, but he hung grimly on, and finally, getting an opportunity, knocked the knife from his opponent's hand, although he wounded himself by so doing. The knife fell at my feet, and clutching it, I sprang forward to Sam's aid. But ere I could do anything the wildly writhing, twisting, bending, squirming men approached the edge of the raft, and the next moment, making a misstep, they went plunging into the water.

"The fight was a fight to the death, and neither would lose his hold, but they made furious attempts to drown each other.

"Each moment the raft was drifting away; catching up the end of the rope that had done such good service before, I put the knife between my teeth and plunged into the water; a few energetic strokes and I was near the combatants. Bill's back was toward me, and he was unaware of his danger until my hand was raised, holding in it the glittering blade; he tried to get out of the way, but too late; the gleaming steel was buried in his body.

"With a groan he let go of Sam, who, letting go in turn, the wounded man sank beneath the surface; he came up once, at a little distance from us, and stretched out his hands appealing in our direction, ere he was swallowed up by the waters.

"By the aid of the rope Sam and I regained the raft; where, once safe, we dropped on our knees and returned thanks for our preservation to Him who rules over all.

"We were weak almost to the point of death, and knew that should not help come soon, we must perish miserably; a thought entered my mind to eat our shoes, and cutting the leather in strips, we managed to masticate some of it to a pulp and then swallowed it; it did not appease hunger, but it staved off the death that stared us in the face.

"Another day went by, and we stretched ourselves upon the raft at night, knowing full well that ere another sunset, if rescue did not come, we would be corpses.

"Morning found us with throats swollen so that we were unable to speak, with our tongues lolling from our mouths, and our limbs unable to sustain our weight.

"In this extremity, when all hope was gone, when we had become resigned to our fate, the hoped for rescue came.

"Lying directly in the path of a vessel, we were discovered and picked up, and after a somewhat roundabout course, I arrived in New York, and have lived here ever since. Years have gone without blotting from my memory a single incident of these horrible days; years may come, but not one of them can ever be affected, and to my dying day will stand prominently out my terrible experiences when Adrift in Mid-Ocean."

IN PRAISE OF THE PEANUT

The peanut used to be regarded merely as a trimming for the circus. Since the war it has become a valuable food product. Salad oils, oleomargarine, soap and cooking compounds are now made of peanuts. One company timidly experimented with a carload of peanuts ten years ago. Now it consumes annually 300 carloads. Last year 12 Southern States planted peanuts on 1,251,000 acres and grew a crop worth \$80,000,000. A peanut grower used to throw up his hat with joy when he received \$1 a bushel. Now he hems and haws when \$2.50 is offered for a choice crop. The Department of Agriculture is now making scientific studies to discover the best varieties of peanuts for particular purposes and to develop the best marketing systems.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

\$40,000 FOR A HOG.

A thoroughbred Poland China hog, which Williams Brothers bought fifteen months ago for \$265, was sold to W. H. Ellsworth of Goldfield, Iowa, for \$40,000, declared to be the highest price ever paid for a hog.

A LOST POCKETBOOK FOUND

In 1888 a man now living in the West attended the Perry County Fair Grounds at Newport, Pa., and on the fair grounds found a pocketbook containing \$5 and a small trinket. A Newport paper carried under "lost and found" an advertisement, inserted by W. D. Ballinger, of Millerstown, Pa., which stated that the owner would receive his property by identifying the trinket. Mr. Ballinger stated that a friend recently sent him the pocketbook, the trinket and a \$5 bill, with interest and money to defray the cost of advertising.

SEA LION SKINS FOR SHOES.

Prince Rupert, B. C., July 22.—Premier John Oliver's suggestion that sea lions in this province be slaughtered and their skins used for making shoes has met with approval of fishermen here, and plans were under way to-day for killing the animals on a large scale. Fishermen pointed out that killing sea lions also will save fish in these waters, for the average sea lion devours fifty pounds of food fish in a day.

One fisherman recently killed 700 sea lions with the aid of three companions in two days on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

TUSSELE WITH BIG STURGEON

No longer is it necessary for Michigan fishermen to go to Florida for big fishing. Asa Curtis had all the thrills he wanted here one night landing a sturgeon. Curtis had been spearing in eight feet of water when he saw the monster. He jammed his spear deep into its head. Mrs. Curtis, who was with him, could not hold the boat as the big fish spun around, but their combined efforts after a two-hour tussle landed the big fellow. The sturgeon was six feet long, weighed 102 pounds. Dressed it yielded fifty-one pounds of sturgeon meat, twenty-nine pounds of roe.

MAKE MONEY AS YOU WAIT

Detective Sergt. James J. Gegan, with Detectives Cooper and Newman of the Bomb Squad, recently, arrested Martin Kaleja of No. 2735 West Fifth street, Coney Island, and Stanley Wailkus of No. 22 Scholes street, Brooklyn, on suspicion of engaging in a swindling scheme. They are suspected of having defrauded Mary Petrowski of No. 122 Hough avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., out of \$3,200 on Aug. 9 last.

According to Sergt. Gegan, the men brought a box with an electrical contrivance to the Bridgeport woman's home and made her believe that the instrument could change tissue paper into dollar bills. They induced her to lend them \$3,200, which they promised to duplicate. Then, according to Gegan, they placed the money in the box, which had a false bottom, and the lights in the room were turned out. When they were turned on again the woman was told her original money and the new money could be taken from the box the next day. They warned her against opening it sooner, because the ink on the greenbacks was still wet.

The following day when the woman opened her "private mint" she found nothing but a roll of tissue paper with a dollar bill on each end. The detectives say other victims of the "private mint" manufacturers include Joseph Norwitch of No. 676 Wales avenue, the Bronx, who on May 18 lost \$2,250; Anthony Borris of No. 270 South street, Brooklyn, who lost \$700 last July, and Mrs. Charles Borbley of No. 25 Beacon street, Newark, who lost \$1,300.

LAUGHS

He—You look cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it around you? She—Why take it off?

"You college men seem to take life pretty easy." "Yes; even when we graduate we do it by degrees."

Redd—The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in a fortnight. Greene—And did he? "Sure. I've had to sell my automobile."

"You say the Blanks are going to move?" "I think so; they have begun to scratch matches on the walls."

"Were you very sick with the flu, Rastus?" "Sick! sick man, ah was so sick mos' ebery night ah look in dat 'ere casualty list for mah name."

"You say you have made money out of poetry, girly?" "Yes." "Nonsense." "No nonsense about it. Papa has paid me not to write any more."

Slopay received a card on which was engraved: "Professor Brace, Antiquarian." He knew no such person, so his curiosity led him to receive him. "What is your business, professor?" he asked politely. "I am a collector of antiquities," answered the old man. "So I imagined. And how can I serve you?" "By paying a deposit on this bill you have owed for more than three years."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

RATTLESNAKES KILLED

Rattlesnakes seem to be more numerous this year through the northeastern part of the State.

Roland Neyer of Hazelton, Pa., while fishing along the Lehigh River, killed one that had nine rattles and a button, making the second he has dispatched so far during the summer.

Oscar Schnauffer and his father of Weatherly, while hunting groundhogs near Penn Haven, were attacked by a rattler, which they killed after some manoeuvring. It is the largest ever seen hereabouts, having twenty-one rattles and measuring nine feet and three inches. It is about three inches in diameter and is on exhibition at the Schnauffer home.

WHY DO OUR HEARTS BEAT FASTER WHEN WE ARE RUNNING?

When you start running, the brain knows at once that your legs and other parts of the body will need more blood to keep them going, and so the brain sends down orders through his special nerves which make the heart beat faster to get busy, and they do. Then when you stop running, your heart is beating faster than necessary and there is really an oversupply of blood being pumped through your system for the time being, and that makes you uncomfortable, until the brain sends word through the other set of nerves to the heart to slow down the heart beat. It is better to stop running gradually, to give the heart a chance to get back to its normal beat gradually also.—From the Book of Wonders.

GERMAN ACE WHO SHOT DOWN U. S. FLIERS IS KILLED.

Confirmation has been received in Coblenz, Germany, of the killing of Capt. von Buechner, who was one of the most noted German aces during the World War, was famous for his flying feats, and who, it was claimed by the German troops, brought down a number of American and British flyers, says the Amarce News of March 23. He was one of the first German aviators to fly over Leipzig as a member of the flying corps of the Albert government troops. He was shot down by Red troops at Leipzig on March 19 while making a low reconnoitering flight over that city. His body was found later by government troops with bullet wounds in the head and neck. His plane was destroyed in the crash.

WILL QUIT CANADA FOR MISSISSIPPI DURING JULY.

Winnipeg, June 28.—Mennonites will leave their lands in the Swift Current district of Saskatchewan some time in July, according to an announcement made to-day by J. E. Friesen, administrator of the colony, who has made final arrangements for the sale of the great tract of land which has been farmed on a community basis for many years. The Food Land Company holds the option and the sale is practically completed, involving \$5,000,000, including the crop.

Mr. Friesen said that the Mennonites had finished the purchase of 125,000 acres of land in

Mississippi at \$18 an acre.

The colony will get away during July, and the advance party will start putting up buildings as quickly as possible on the new location in Mississippi.

FINDS COAL

Farmers of Lampman, Canada, will be using coal from their own mine within sixty days. A shaft now being driven at this city is forty feet from a coal bed.

Chemical analyses of this coal show that it has a calorific value of more than 12,000 British thermal units and its components are such as to assure a high grade, free burning coal. The mine will be operated to a capacity of 1,000 tons daily.

The mine was discovered by accident when a farmer was drilling an artesian well.

The company is owned and the mine will be operated by the farmers of this district. Through the Canadian National Railways, whose lines pass through this district, the coal will be quickly marketed and the quantity located is so great as to solve the future fuel problem of this region.

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GOOD READING

AMERICAN COIN IN CLOTHES

A Pole named Pictr Talla, traveling from America to Danzig, was taken ill recently in the Young Men's Christian Association hut, Waterloo road, London, and removed to an infirmary. He had only two shillings and threepence in English money, but hidden in his clothing he had twenty-two \$10 gold pieces and paper money to the value of \$990.

His shoes were found to be very heavy and when they were photographed by the X-ray twelve large coins, presumably \$10 gold pieces, were found hidden between the leather and the sole of each boot.

FARMER'S WIFE REARING YOUNG DEER ON A BOTTLE

The stock on the farm of Harvey Trump of Gamble Township, near Williamsport, Pa., recently, has been increased by the addition of a fawn which requires more care than any other animal on the farm. When Mrs. Irving went to the meadow field the other evening to drive home the cows she discovered a doe and its fawn in the herd.

When the doe saw the woman it ran and deserted the fawn, which Mrs. Trump picked up in her arms and carried to the barn. The fawn now occupies a stall in the cow shed and is being cared for by members of the farmer's family, who were shown by a game protector how to feed it with a bottle. Three times a day the fawn is given a bottle filled with warm milk.

For several weeks John Ely, also of Gamble Township, has been caring for a fawn that came to his farm for protection when its mother was chased by dogs. Ely plans to rear the deer until it is old enough to take care of itself when he will release it in the woods near his home with the hope that the present treatment will tend to make it a frequent visitor to the Ely farmhouse.

GOVERNMENT "YEGGS" TEST BANK VAULTS

Government experts are emulating the "Jimmy Valentines" of the underworld at the Bureau of Standards in their effort to decide upon the type of vault to be selected for Federal Reserve Board deposits. A number of vaults, embodying the latest anti-burglar ideas have been completed, and tests are now under way to determine if they are sufficiently "proof" to be intrusted with the millions of dollars which the board distributes among members of the Reserve System.

The specimen vaults are of concrete, reinforced with various materials guaranteed to discourage the most patient drill pusher. In some of them sheets of case-hardened steel have been inserted between layers of concrete, while iron rails, arranged in tiers, have been placed in others. A quantity of hard glass is to be tested in one vault, the opinion having been expressed that this material will dull the sharpest drill, while fusing before an oxyacetylene torch.

Dynamite and the more strenuous "soups" will be used by the Government experts, as well as

every mechanical method yet put forward by the masked cult.

BOY TREED BY BEAR

Robert Collins, 15 years old, lives in the village of Hilliard, Ky. He has been in the habit of going out into the woods hunting for small game. The other day he was looking for squirrels and he went around the top of a hill about three miles from town. There he met a big black bear.

Robert had always heard of shooting a bear behind the left foreleg so as to get to the heart, so he fired in that direction. But the bear charged and the boy had to run quite a distance. At last he came to a small tree, the bear close on his trail. Robert climbed the tree and fired his three remaining shells at the bear. He succeeded in wounding the big animal, but could not tell how seriously, as the bear remained close to the tree and showed no inclination of dying.

Robert stayed up in the tree all night. He was found early the next morning by searchers. The bear was still there, but nearly dead from loss of blood. The boy says he will wait a couple of years before going where he is likely to encounter another bear, but the people of Hilliard say he made his escape as well as most men would have done.

GERMAN MONKS IN SMUGGLING DEAL

The German crime wave engulfs even the pious monks. The Berlin criminal police have bared a gigantic smuggling plot which a Bavarian monastery attempted to execute.

The Monastery of St. Boniface obtained permission to emigrate en masse with their belongings and settle in Switzerland. The Division of Capital Smuggling Surveillance got word that the monastery head, Father Gabriel, had intimate relations with a Berlin Kommerzienrat and two Munich art dealers. Detectives then discovered many huge cases being transported to the monastery shortly before the latter's departure.

Father Gabriel lied like a Trojan at the German customs, and declared nothing but the monastery's legitimate property. The German customs officials passed the pious tourists with a perfunctory examination. Then the Berlin sleuths intervened. A thorough search of carloads of monastery baggage disclosed hidden works of art running into millions of marks, including a Rafael, the "Madonna With the Infant Jesus," and "St John the Baptist."

Further, sewed in mattresses, the sleuths found checks totalling 800,000 marks, as well as stocks and bonds with interest coupons running into the millions. The Rafael alone was valued at 6,000,000 marks.

Father Gabriel was to have split fifty-fifty with the art dealers and the Berlin financier after smuggling the stuff over to Switzerland. Under the third degree Father Gabriel confessed and excused himself by saying he had suffered heavy losses in making purchases for a nunnery and wanted to recoup his losses by his smuggling profits.

SITS AMONG SNAKES.

Dr. Marie Phisalix is making a thorough study of poisonous reptiles and the practical uses to which they can be put. She spends her time in the serpents' house of the famous Zoo, the Jardin de Plantes, where she sits in her laboratory with her snakes, salamanders, singing toads and grass-green tree frogs about her.

"Here," she said, taking up a lovely newt with the resplendent orange waistcoat which Nature gives him for courting times, here is a gentleman whose poison is not in a gland provided with a fang but under his skin," and she explained that this device, if it left him defenseless before his enemy the snake, yet defended his race, since no snake could eat two newts. He dies from the effects of the first.

Mme. Phisalix is the only woman engaged in research work at the Paris Natural History Museum, and she holds a unique position in the scientific world. She took her degree at Sevres Women's College and was a professor of natural science in different lycées, which she obtained in 1900 with a thesis on the salamander and poisons from the medical point of view.

To Men who are Bald or are Losing Their Hair

Let me tell you of my own case.

I was almost completely bald, and as I had tried many tonics, lotions, etc., without benefit, I expected to remain bald for the rest of my life.

But instead of baldness, I now have a complete growth of hair upon my head. This is all the more remarkable because I am 66 years old.

The way that I obtained a perfect hair growth was as simple as it was astonishing to me.

While traveling I met an old Cherokee Indian who gave me a pomade or ointment to use upon my scalp. Although my confidence was meager, I used this compound. He told me it contained selected components from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

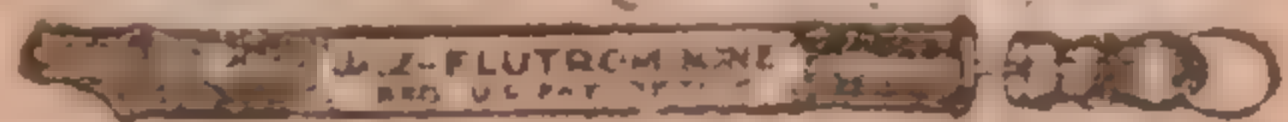
After several applications my looking-glass revealed a slight fuzz. This developed from day to day to a healthy growth of hair. Imagine my satisfaction in being able actually to brush the hair where there had been a bare scalp! Yet it was true. Soon I was able to comb it—and I have been able to do so ever since.

I traded with the old Indian savant, obtaining the recipe. It was crude and the ointment was almost nauseating. So I had it modernized, by a practical chemist, holding to the original principle, and now from the recipe a cosmetic pomade is prepared. Men and women have used it—and many are now doing so. In numerous cases remarkable results are being reported.

This ointment contains no alcohol nor anything else that has a tendency to dry the hair, the scalp or the roots.

The way for you to prove what it will do for you is to try it. I will mail you the recipe free of charge. Your own physician will tell you that it is safe and you may obtain a supply from the druggist. Or you may get it from me. It is called Kotalko. A proof box will be mailed, with the recipe, if you send 10 cents, silver or stamps, to John Hart Brittain, 150 East Thirty-second St., BE-103, New York, N. Y. This is a genuine announcement devoid of the lavish phraseology of the usual advertisements, but it means exactly what it says, and I, being a business man of good reputation, stand ready to prove it to you.

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AMERICANS KILL GIANT CANNIBALS.

Chester Ober, geographer with the expedition of Dr. Alexander H. Rice in South America, in a letter received by his parents at Newport, said that two natives were killed by Dr. Rice and Ober in warding off an attack on the party.

Ober described the natives as "cannibals, scantily clad," and as "very ferocious and of large stature."

The letter told of the trip up the Amazon River to the Negro, and thence up a tributary of the latter river, where the attack occurred. The attacking party leaped from the brush on the river bank toward the explorers and were frightened away by the party firing shots in the air.

The natives apparently took to ambush, Ober said, because later they made another attack. Ober wrote that he and Rice fired at them this time, killing two. On the advice of guides the expedition turned back.

Accompanying Dr. Rice is his wife, the former Mrs. George D. Widener, of Philadelphia. According to Ober's father, the party is on its way back to the United States, and expects to arrive on May 15.

ANIMALS THAT USE OTHERS AS WEAPONS.

There is a species of crab, indigenous to the Island of Mauritius that habitually holds a sea-anemone in each claw, using them presumably as weapons of defense—one animal using another as a utensil! There are, however, somewhat similar instances quite as curious. One is that of an ant of the East Indies that builds shelters of leaves whose edges are fastened together with silk fibres.

The origin of this silk had long puzzled the entomologists. The ant has no spinning glands of any kind at adult age. Holland, of Balangoda, and Green, of Paradeniya, Ceylon, verifying old and incomplete observations made in India, have proved that the working ants, in order to spin the thread that fastens the edges of the leaves, make use of the larvæ of their own species, which they hold in their jaws, moving them about with skill in all directions and afterward returning them to the nest when they have finished with them.

Chun has shown, in a study of the anatomy of these larvæ, that they possess spinnerets of unusual size after serving the adults as distaffs, so to speak.

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AUTO STEVENS, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 74, Chicago, Ill.

MUSK FOR PERFUMES A CHINESE EXPORT

A newly discovered perfume extracted from seaweed was sold in France recently at \$5 a drop. It is said to take one ton of seaweed to produce five drops.

Musk, so important to the perfumery compounder, is a secretion of the male musk deer. Three kinds of musk are distinguished in commerce the most important and valuable being the Chinese or Tonkin musk, imported principally from Shanghai. It is put up in small tin-lined caddies, each containing two or three musk pods. These are generally adulterated with dried blood, fragments of leather, leaden pellets, etc., so that often little more than the original scent remains.

The Chinese pods vary greatly in value, according to quality and genuineness. Some musk collected from the western Himalayas is exported from India. It is much less prized than genuine Tonkin musk. The third variety, known as Kabardine or Siberian musk, is exported from Central Asia. It is in large pods, said to be yielded by a distant species of deer, and is very inferior. Good musk is of a dark purplish color, dry, smooth and unctuous to the touch and bitter in taste.

A grain of musk will distinctly scent millions of cubic feet of air without any appreciable loss of weight, and its scent is not only penetrating but more persistent than that of any other known substance. As an ingredient in perfumery its powerful and enduring odor gives strength and permanency to the vegetable essences, so that it is used in nearly all compounded perfumes. Musk, or some substance possessed of the musk odor, is also contained in glands in the jaws of alligators and crocodiles, whence it has been extracted for use in perfumery in India and Egypt. The musk ox and the Indian and European muskrat are, as their names indicate, remarkable for the odor.

The musk deer differs from the typical members of the deer family and stands by itself as an isolated zoological form, as both sexes are entirely devoid of any sort of frontal appendage and the upper canine teeth of the males are remarkably developed—long, slender, sharp-pointed and gently curved, projecting downward out of the mouth, with the ends turned somewhat backward.

"My dear, would you have time to sew a button on for me before you go?" I've told you before, Alfred, Jane will do it for you. Please remember you married a typewriter, not a sewing machine."

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- 756 Wrecked in the Gulf; or, The Gold of the Old Buccaneers.
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- 772 The Crimson Mask; or, The Treasure of San Pedro.
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